MAY 27, 1957
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

INDIANAPOLIS

PREVIEW OF THE '500

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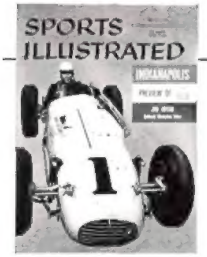
Volume 6, Number 21



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COVER: JIM BRYAN
Photograph by Phil Bath

The man at the wheel of the Dean Van Lines Special on this week's cover was the champion U.S. driver for 1956 and thus carries No. 1 on the cars he drives exclusively for Owner Al Dean. For a description of how he plans to drive the Indianapolis Speedway at next week's "500," see page 16.

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SPEED—AND INDIANAPOLIS 14
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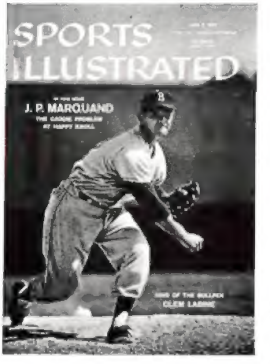
PLUS

JOHN P. MARQUAND DISCOVERS CRAPS AND TRANQUILIZERS IN HAPPY KNOLL'S CADDIE ROOM



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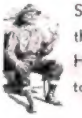

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN next week's issue John P. Marquand presents his report on the caddie crisis at Happy Knoll Country Club. It precedes by one week the publication of a book, announced by Little, Brown and Company in a mailing to Happy Knoll members from which I am privileged to quote:

"This brief report is intended to supplement the Annual Report for 1956 which you recently received, along with the subscription letter for the deficit and the yearly dues statement. Although the activities, membership and problems of Happy Knoll were set forth there in some detail, a matter has arisen since then which we feel should be brought to every member's attention. Our country club is soon to be publicized in a book, *Life at Happy Knoll*, written by our Recording Secretary, Mr. Marquand, which will be published on June 10.

"Mr. Marquand, having access as Recording Secretary to the records and correspondence of the Club, has covered many facets of life at Happy Knoll: The Emergency Membership Drive; the deficit; breakage at the coming-out party given by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bledsoe for their daughter; the problem of our golf professional, Benny Muldoon's future at Happy Knoll; the bitterly contested struggle about maintaining the status quo of the Men's Bar and the continuing employment of Old Ned, our beloved but somewhat erratic barkeeper; the plans for the Annual Dinner; and a description of a very unfortunate incident in the Men's Bar.

"The chapters have already appeared in a popular magazine called SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. We can therefore assume that by summer and early fall *Life at Happy Knoll* will be the cynosure of all eyes, in the newspapers constantly, and briskly sold across the counters of the bookstores in every part of the country (because, of course, there are Happy Knolls *everywhere*).

"Mr. Marquand is not to be blamed for our notoriety. He, after all, has but reported in his carefully factual way on one of America's great social and business institutions, the country club."

And in doing so, as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has had good reason to know during the two years he has chronicled the history of Happy Knoll in these pages, Marquand has struck a warm and responsive note with countless SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers, who have let us know not only by their letters but by their continuing applications for guest membership cards to Happy Knoll.

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SCOREBOARD

. . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .

E. J. (Dutch) Harrison, beefy 47-year-old pro from Arkansas, was eight strokes behind going into final round but got lucky as "blind pig picking acorns" on greens while Paul Harney and Ben Hogan faltered, came up with arresting 62 to win Sam Snead Festival with 266 at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

RECORD BREAKERS

Jim Brewer, determined young North Phoenix H.S. senior pole vaulter who has been rewriting interscholastic record book this spring, sent track buffs into tizzy with latest effort, barely quivering bar as he soared 15 feet ¼ inch (*see below*), best ever for schoolboy, in final high school meet at home field (May 17).

Jan Sikorsky, redheaded Ramsey H.S. husky from Mt. Pleasant, Pa. who warms up arm by chopping down trees in cemetery, heaved javelin 222 feet 10¾ inches to bring down Bob Peoples' 20-year-old high school standard in Western Pennsylvania championships at Pittsburgh (May 18). Untrained Sikorsky, who also has mouths of football scouts watering, explained his style: "I just watch other boys throw this *thing and make it up as I go along.*"

Occidental's Larry Wray, Tod White, Dave Reisbord and **Ty Hadley** hustled through seldom-run 4-mile relay in 16:53.6 for new U.S. college mark at Los Angeles (May 18).

George Hearn of Lower Merion H.S. bounced over 120-yard high hurdles in 13.9 in state meet at Upper Darby, Pa. for new U.S. schoolboy record (May 18).

Diane Leather, 23-year-old London chemist who was first of her sex to run 5-minute mile, stretched her long legs once again, raced 1,500 meters in 4:30, fastest time for woman, at Hornchurch, Essex (May 16).

Lenie de Nijs, whippet-armed Dutch teen-ager, got back into world-record swim in meet against British at Blackpool, pinwheeling 220-yard backstroke in 2:38.5 (May 17).

HORSE RACING

Bold Ruler, togged out in blinkers by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and given his head by crafty Eddie Arcaro, had too much run for Iron Liege, barreled home by two lengths in $113,800 Preakness at Pimlico (*see page 34*).

TENNIS

U.S. Davis Cuppers, bent on getting another shot at Australia, had easy time with British West Indies *in American Zone elimination as Veteran Vic Seixas* and Newcomers Bernard Bartzen and Grant Golden teamed up for 5-0 sweep at Port of Spain.

TRACK & FIELD

Kansas piled up 10 firsts, one by ailing (with sore throat after removal of two wisdom teeth) Wilt Chamberlain, flown in from Lawrence in time to win high jump with 6-foot 5-inch leap ("I don't jump with my throat"), and 160 points for Big Seven title at Lincoln, Neb. Other champions: USC, in PCC at Eugene, Ore.; LSU, in Southeastern Conference at Birmingham; Yale, in Heptagonal Games at New Haven.

Dave Sime, busy most of spring banging out base hits for Duke ball team, sprinted 100 in 9.3 to equal world record, added respectable 20.4 in 220 in North Carolina AAU games at Raleigh.

BOXING

Middleweights, *imbued with desire to relieve Sugar* Ray Robinson of his newly regained crown, were busy on assorted fronts last week:

At Oakland, Calif., handsome Joey Giambra lefthooked Chico Vejar at will, had him hanging on ropes when referee stopped fight in seventh (*see below*);

At Chicago, gangling Bobby Boyd, once pride and joy of IBC's Chicago store, had his hands full with Willie Vaughn before eking out 10-round split decision;

At Cleveland, reformed toughie Joey Giardello got good going over in closing rounds after holding off Rory Calhoun in early stages, but judges outvoted referee, handed Giardello split decision in 10-rounder;

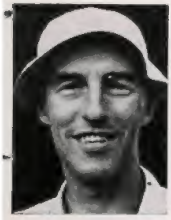
At Portland, Ore., Welterweight Champion Carmen Basilio, weighing in at 152, threw his gloves into middleweight sweepstakes, using flabby Harold (Baby Face) Jones as punching bag to win by TKO in fourth.

Cus D'Amato, still slugging away in effort to bring down dragonesque IBC (also sued for $9 million in New York Federal Court by Boston's Sam Silverman, who charged IBC and six officials with "monopolizing championship fights"), revealed Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson will defend title for Promoter Emil Lence (*see page 25*). Most likely opponent is *Hurricane Jackson,* whose manager, *Lippe Breidbart,* immediately asked for $250,000 guarantee, but Hurricane's demand was more realistic: "Be sure they promise to give me a new English bicycle." Another *possibility is Willie Pastrano, handled by Whitey Esneault,* who bristled when D'Amato indicated financial terms were secondary: "Terms are firstendary."

FOCUS ON THE DEED

VAULTING SCHOOLBOY Jim Brewer appears to hang suspended in mid-air as he clears bar at 15 feet ¼ inch for new interscholastic record.

ARTFUL STICKMAN Ernie Betz sifts through for Maryland goal, but visiting Johns Hopkins won 15-10 for college lacrosse championship.



Harrison (Stork) **Sanford,** usually solemn Cornell coach, permitted himself a smile as he watched all-senior crew outstroke Yale by less than foot for Eastern sprint title at Princeton, even went so far as to venture cautious prediction for IRA championships at Syracuse, June 22: "We hope to win."

Augustus (Bibb) **Falk,** caustic-tongued former big leaguer whose barbs have needled many a Texas player, coached Longhorns to 5-1, 1-0 victories over Texas A&M to clinch 31st Southwest Conference title and NCAA tournament berth. Other qualifiers: Duke, Bradley, Colorado State, George Washington.

BASEBALL

Chicago's clutch hitting and fine pitching helped run winning streak to seven and American League lead to two games. New York Yankees, having their troubles on and off field (*see page 42*), picked selves off floor at week's end to halt 5-game Cleveland winning streak, made ready for face-to-face battle with White Sox. Detroit Tigers were on prowl, won four in row to move into fourth spot.

Cincinnati, slugging away with usual fervor and continuing to get top-drawer hurling, made hay at expense of New York and Pittsburgh, got further assist from same two teams to open National League bulge over Milwaukee to two games. Brooklyn was three games off pace and only one ahead of Philadelphia despite good performances from former Bonus Baby Sandy Koufax, who struck out 13 to beat Chicago 3-2, Don Drysdale, Clem Labine and Don Newcombe.

AUTO RACING

Juan Manuel Fangio, steady Argentine throttle master, cruised into lead when crack-up sidelined Britain's Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins, skillfully maneuvered his Maserati 205 miles through Monaco's narrow streets at average 64.68 mph to win Monaco Grand Prix.

Carroll Shelby, leadfooted Texan, zoomed around damp mountain-top course at 70.4 mph in Maserati 300s to set new meet record in sports car feature at Cumberland, Md.

MILEPOSTS

DIED—**Keith Andrews,** 36, Colorado Springs garage owner, veteran dirt track and midget auto racer; when Kurtis-Kraft he was testing for Italy's Giuseppe Farina went out of control and crashed, at Indianapolis.

DIED—**James Dickinson** (Dick) **Irvin,** 64, shrewd and sometimes cantankerous hockey strategist, long-time NHL coach for Toronto, Montreal and Chicago who missed Stanley Cup playoffs (he won three with Montreal, one with Toronto) only twice in 27 years: after long illness, at Montreal. A realist, Irvin once defined hockey as game "*of meanness and bitterness* where there is no such thing as a friendly relationship."

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

BUCK BAKER, Charlotte, N.C., in 1957 Chevrolet, declared winner of NASCAR "Virginia 500," when accident halted race on 441st lap, Martinsville, Va.

BOATING

WASHINGTON, over California, by 7 lengths, in 14:29.5 for 2¼ m., Seattle.
PRINCETON LIGHTWEIGHTS, Eastern title and Wright Trophy, in 6:51.3 for 1⅛ m., Annapolis.

BOXING

WILLIE PASTRANO, 10-round decision over Neal Welch, heavyweights, Miami Beach.
JIMMY ARCHER, 10-round split decision over Tony DiBiase, welterweights, New York.

HANDBALL

VIC HERSHKOWITZ, Brooklyn, over Oscar Obert, 21-20, 21-19, Natl. AAU 1-wall title, Brooklyn.

HORSE RACING

PORTERHOUSE: $55,900 Los Angeles H., 7 f., by 4 lengths, in 1:20⅘, Hollywood Pk., Johnny Longden up.
EVENING TIME: $30,450 Betsy Ross St., 6 f., by 1¼ lengths, in 1:11⅘ Garden State. Gayle Smith up.
GRAND CHAL: Gloucester Fox Hunters Plate Steeplechase, 3 m., by 3 lengths, in 6:09.45, Media, Pa. Joe Aitcheson Jr. up.

LACROSSE

BALTIMORE U., over Hofstra, 13-6, to clinch Eastern Intercollegiate League title, Hempstead, L.I.

MARATHON

JOHNNY KELLEY, Groton, Conn., Natl. AAU title, in 2:24.55 for 26 m. 385 yds., Yonkers, N.Y.

SOCCER

ST. LOUIS KUTIS, over Chicago Schwaben, 2-1, in first of 2-game total-goal series for Western Division amateur title, St. Louis.

TENNIS

(Davis Cup, second round)

Belgium 4–Hungary 1	Italy 3–Holland 0
Denmark 4–S. Africa 1	Mexico 3–W. Germany 0
France 3–Czech. 0	Philippines 3–Japan 2
G. Britain 5–N. Zealand 0	Poland 3–Chile 2

KEN ROSEWALL, over *Pancho Gonzales, 3* matches to 1; Gonzales leads World Pro Tour, 45-26.

LARRUPING MIDDLEWEIGHT Joey Giambra gets set to unload haymaker as groggy Chico Vejar slumps against ropes in seventh round.

VETERAN 12-METER *Vim,* built in 1939, shows off graceful lines that led class to be picked for 1958 revival of America's Cup racing.

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Waterproof Golf Jacket developed and patented by Johnny Revolta gives you complete freedom of *swing with no sensation of bind*ing at any point.

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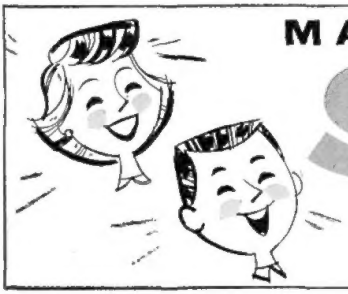

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To make sure your whole family has the most "fun in the sun" this summer, look for these items at your favorite sporting goods store or department.

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...A FAMILY AFFAIR

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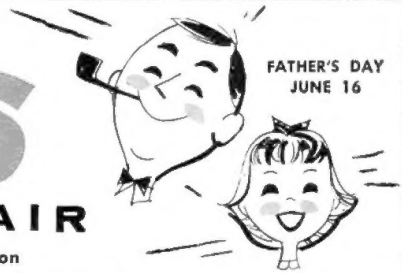
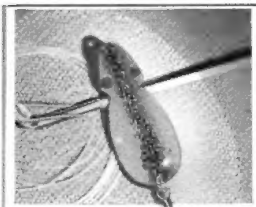


FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 16



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WATER SPORTS SAFETY BELT
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850 SHOT REPEATING AIR RIFLE

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BANG!

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Daisy Automatic Smoke Play Rifle

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Single Action Folding Golf Cart

The Only Cart with "TRIPLE BALANCE"

STRONGER, LIGHTER, NEVER TIPS!

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Fishermen Want!

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For fresh or salt water fishing. More sportsmen choose UMCO Tackle and Spin Boxes each year . . . America's most imitated Tackle Box Line! 24 Aluminum and Royalite models to choose from . . priced from $2.49 to $17.95. Shown above, Model 203 Spin Box, $14.95. See your dealer or write for illustrated folder today!

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G-6 Dacron* LINE

treat him to a Father's Day gift of GUDEBROD G-6 DACRON Bait-casting Line. Extra small diameter puts more line on the reel—makes line harder for fish to see. Gives top performance on any rod or reel. Get a box or two at your favorite sporting goods store . . . for DAD and for yourself.

Packaged in deluxe plastic box, two 50 yd. spools connected: 10 lb. to 45 lb. test. Camouflage or Black. $1.20 to $2.00 per spool, according to size.

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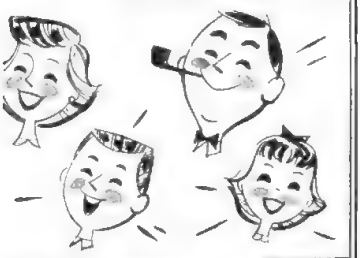
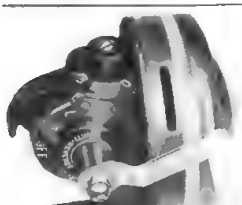
FATHER'S DAY JUNE 16





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The Citation offers large line capacity, 100 yards 10 lb. monofilament. Fast 22 inch retrieve. Exclusive Johnson Selecto-Dial with new internal drag. Perfectly balanced for top performance on any rod.

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THE DENISON-JOHNSON CORP.
Mankato, Minnesota

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—*season opens (or opened).* **SC**—*season closes (or closed).* **C**—*clear water;* **D**—*water dirty or roily;* **M**—*water muddy.* **N**—*water at normal height;* **SH**—*slightly high;* **H**—*high;* **VH**—*very high;* **L**—*low,* **R**—*rising,* **F**—*falling.* **WT50**—*water temperature 50°.* **EG**—*fishing good;* **FF**—*fishing fair,* **FP**—*fishing poor,* **OVG**—*outlook very good,* **OG**—*outlook good;* **OF**—*outlook fair,* **OP**—*outlook poor*

STRIPED BASS: NEW JERSEY: Spring run of big stripers on Sandy Hook trolling ground is in full swing with a four man party taking an 25-pound class fish taken on trolled spoon. Elsewhere along Jersey coast **FP.**

CALIFORNIA: Trollers in San Pablo Bay report **FF G**; best fishing most off Crima Camp. Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers improved last week with 24-pounder taken last Friday off Pilot River.

NEW YORK: **FVP** for surf fishermen says Montauk agent. Bass are in area, but only a few small fish coming in to the beaches. Picture should improve by about June 10 as new schools move into area.

TROUT: NEW MEXICO: The Rev. Thomas J. Miller of Albuquerque took 26 inch 4½-pound brown trout from Cebolla River last week to establish possible state record. Interior conservation game and fish department planted over 70,000 legal trout in state last week. Gila River **FF**, east fork of Gila **FF**; middle fork **VG** and **OG**; west fork **OG**, bait getting best results with spin fishing second and flies a poor third. Cimarron River **FF** and **OF** despite below freezing night temperatures in canyons. Pecos River **FF P**; lower stretches best.

PENNSYLVANIA: Famous Fishermen's Paradise on Spring Creek opened last week with 2,000 anglers on hand and limit of one trout per fisherman. Heaviest trout was a 7-pound 7-ounce brown; longest a 28½ inch brown. All trout must be hooked on unweighted flies in this Fish Commission project which attracts visitors from every state in the Union. **FF P** throughout central Pennsylvania and northern tier of counties as weather has been unsettled and fly hatches sparse.

WASHINGTON: Silver trout lakes producing well on trolled flatfish and spinners, but **FP** at rainbow lakes with exception of Skagit County's Cavanaugh. Some high lakes on west side were ice-free for last week's opener and **OG** for Hancock and Calligan lakes in King County, Lost and Echo lakes in Greenwater area out of Enumclaw. Skagit County's Day Lake, Lone Lake on Whidbey Island, Canyon Lake in Whatcom County, high lakes in northeast corner of state full of fat and sassy eastern brooks; Marshal, and Mystic are best bets. Spy advises trip to Cascade and Mountain lakes on Orcas Island before vacation hordes take over. Lowland lake scene now in decline and will remain poor until early fall.

MINNESOTA: Dr. Wayne Wormley of Zumbrota set local statistician on ears with 9-pound 12-ounce brown trout from Hay Creek near Zumbrota, largest in 31 years in southeastern counties. Stocked quarry pools near St. Cloud producing easy limits of rainbows to 14 inches. **EG** for trouts at Straight River, Lee Pass Rapids, with many fish 2 to 4 pounds. Limits of brook trout taken in streams and lakes East of Grand Marais. Spring rainbows in on north shore slacking off, but Sam Miller of Minneapolis took limit of 10 rainbows from 5 to 7 pounds on bottom-fished night crawlers on Knife River last week.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Streams still **L** despite rains last week-end. Lady Reports from Fish Commission's Lunt Pond stocking trout in ponds hitting well on streamer flies and [illegible]

VERMONT: Fly-fishermen moving into limestone areas as water and good catches have trout hooking to surface for food. **EG VG** on West Branch of Battenkill in Bennington County and Winooski River between Montpelier and Burlington along Route 2. In general **OG** for streams, **OVG** for ponds.

WISCONSIN: Spring spawning run ended on Brule last week, although a few fish still lingered in lower stretches and Brule specialists were putting away trout tackle until fall run starts about Sept. 15.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: A good spell of warm weather has brought interior lakes into fine shape and there should be excellent fishing over the Queen's birthday weekend. Paul, Pinantan, Knouff, Peterhope, Jacko, Taweel, Pavilion, Hyas, Pillar and other favorite spots all good bets. Le Jeune and other higher-altitude lakes should come in nicely. The big rainbows of Little Shuswap will be biting hard on sockeye fingerlets. Vancouver Island lakes also producing trolly and trout. Streams generally low except Cowichan where big browns are to be taken in spring runoff. Interior **OVG**, coastal lakes **OG**.

IDAHO: 90 pound Calvin Sanger of Spokane wrestled 32-inch Kamloops rainbow trout from Lake Pend Oreille last week; lure was surface plug. Small lakes in northern Idaho report **FF** but **OVP** for rest of state as continued rains and melting snow have water **H** and **M.**

MAINE: **FVG** and **OVG** through out northern Maine says spy too busy fishing to provide particulars.

OREGON: The later flowers and receding snows have most streams in poor condition, Metolius River in central Oregon is an exception, with expert fly fishermen doing nicely on sunken wets and stone fly nymphs. **OP F** for stream fishing next 10 days. **SO** May 25 for lakes and Diamond in southwest Oregon but best spot for opener. In general, **OVG.**

CALIFORNIA: Eight and Sierra counties opened last Saturday with **FG** to poor in elevation streams; higher lakes still iced in. Best bets are Lake Alpine and Truckee Yuba American and Stanislaus rivers. Sacramento between Redding and Tehama is only one of several trout in 5-pound class reported recently near Redding. West slope streams **H** but clearing and **OG**; best are Tule, Kaweah and upper Kern.

COLORADO: An estimated 150,000 anglers braved muddy roads, rock and snow slides rain, sleet, hail and cold to celebrate opening of Colorado season last Saturday. Almost all streams **H** and **D**, but lakes and reservoirs provided fair fishing.

NEW YORK: Beaver kill spy reports DDT spraying for gypsy moth control on Neversink and Main Delaware near Kellam's Bridge has apparently killed considerable insect life in rivers. Other reports indicate damage to fish life in small streams in area. West Branch of Ausable reports **FF G** on wet flies and nymphs; dry fly action should be fair by June 1, and Green Drake expected about June 5. Schoharie Creek is about two weeks ahead of schedule, and dry fly fishing is productive; **WT** 64-66 last week but rubber since rains **FG** and **OVG** for Esopus as summers say fishing is best in several years.

TARPON: FLORIDA: Tarpon tournaments busting out all over west coast, with silver kings cooperating as far north as mouth of Homosassa River and Crystal River. Top fish in St. Pete tourney is 130-pounder taken on cut mullet near Anna Maria Island.

BLUEFISH NEW JERSEY: Trollers doing well with lures to 3 pounds in Beach Haven Inlet. Still plenty of small fish in Barnegat Bay, but some are to surf rod and reel schools off shore.

NORTH CAROLINA: Several boats in 10-pound class reported from Gulf Stream off Hatteras, and crews are talking about size. 'Hatteras blues' of middle 1930's predicting similar outbreak this summer. Snapper blues abundant off shore and in surf at **FOG** all along Outer Banks.

FLORIDA: Blues to 4 pounds hitting yellow and red plastic lures at Ocklockonee Shoals in northwest area and **FOG.**

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1 John G. Zimmerman. 3 Illustration by Ian Bolt. 4—A P. 5 Wm. Kerber The Sun Papers. 5 Charles von [illegible] 14, 15 [illegible] 18 22 [illegible] 23 [illegible] 26, 27 [illegible] 40, 41 [illegible] 53 [illegible] 54 [illegible] P 58 Jerry Cooke. 60 Julian P. Graham.

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COMING EVENTS

May 24 through June 2

FRIDAY, MAY 24

Boating
Edlu Trophy Sailing Race Larchmont N Y.

Boxing
■ Virgil Akins vs. Randy Sandy, middleweights (10 rds),
● Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC)

Golf
Big Ten Meet, Iowa City, Iowa (through May 25).

Track & Field
Big Ten Championships Evanston, Ill. (through May 25).
Coliseum Relays, Los Angeles
IIAC Conference Meet, Charleston, Ill (through May 25).
New England ICAAA Championships, Providence (through May 25)

SATURDAY, MAY 25

Auto Racing
NASCAR Midget Stock Car Races, Islip, N Y.
NASCAR Late Model Convertible Division Race, Spartanburg, S C
NASCAR Late Model Short Track Division Race, Winston-Salem, N.C
SCCA Race Thompson, Conn. (through May 26)
SCCA 4th Annual Grand Prix Milwaukee (through May 26)

Baseball
■ Brooklyn Dodgers vs New York Giants, Brooklyn, 1 45 p.m. (CBS)
■ Chicago Cubs vs. Milwaukee Braves, Chicago, 2 25 p.m. (NBC)

Boating
(Crew)
American Scholastic Rowing Regatta, Washington, D.C.

Boxing
Tony De Marco vs. *Walter Byars*, welterweights (10 rds), Boston

Horse Racing
● Bellerose Handicap, $25 000, 3-yr.-olds & up (fillies and mares), 1⅛ m., Jamaica, N Y., 4.30 p.m. (NBC).
● Citation Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 m., Belmoral, Ill., 6.30 p.m (NBC).
Jersey Stakes, $50 000 3-yr olds, 1⅛ m Garden State Park, N J.
● The Californian, $100,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 8.05 p.m. (NBC).

Hunt Racing
Adjacent Hunts Racing Assn., Purchase, N.Y.

Pentathlon
Five Nation Modern Pentathlon Meet, San Antonio (final day)

Tennis
Pro matches, Rosewall vs. Gonzales, Oxnard, Calif.

Track & Field
California Relays, Modesto, Calif.
Missouri Valley Assn. Championships, Kansas City, Mo.
Oklahoma Assn Championships, Norman, Okla
Oregon Assn Championships, Portland, Ore
Southern Atlantic Assn. Open Meet, Baltimore.

SUNDAY, MAY 26

Dog Show
Del Monte Kennel Club, Pebble Beach, Calif

Tennis
Pro matches, Rosewall vs. Gonzales, La Jolla Calif.

Walking
National 50 Kilo Walk Championship, Cincinnati.

MONDAY, MAY 27

Bowling
Women's International Bowling Congress (final day), Dayton

Boxing
■ Paul Andrews vs. Wayne Bethea, heavyweights (10 rds), St Nick's, New York, 10 30 p.m (DuMont)

Golf
British Amateur Championship, Formby, England (through June 1).

Tennis
Pro matches, Rosewall vs. Gonzales, Bakersfield, Calif.

TUESDAY, MAY 28

Baseball
● Boston Red Sox vs. New York Yankees, Boston, 1 55 p.m. (Mutual)

Horse Racing
Cabrillo Stakes, $15,000, 2-yr.-old colts and geldings, 5 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.

continued

*See local listing

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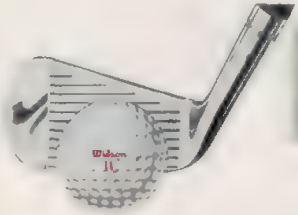
The Miracle Woods of Golf *Strata-Bloc*

Incredible but true! A Wilson Strata-Bloc wood, kept under water *fifteen years* in the Wilson research laboratory, shows no change in shape—has a club face still exact to the original new club tolerances! Equally impervious to damage from drying, a Strata-Bloc head was subjected to intense baking at 212 degrees. There was no checking or cracking. The club is still in perfect playing condition!

Maintaining exact accuracy of club face through this unmatched torture test proves that Strata-Bloc construction brings you the most consistently accurate woods in golf. They are America's most beautiful, most popular wood clubs—the ultimate in precision and fine craftsmanship. And remember, Strata-Bloc construction was developed by Wilson and is exclusive with Wilson.

WILSON IRONS—THE MAGIC WANDS OF GOLF

Newly designed weight distribution in Wilson irons gives you the biggest hitting area in golf. This results in more perfect shots because more of the club head works for you. And these are the clubs with the sweetest "feel" —the magic wands of golf!



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COMING EVENTS

continued

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29

Auto Racing
NASCAR Late Model Short Track Division Race, Gardena, Calif.

Baseball
• Washington Senators vs. New York Yankees, Washington, 2 55 p m (Mutual)

Boxing
■ Carlos Ortiz vs. Felix Chiocca, lightweights (10 rds.), Chi-
• cago, 10 p m. (ABC)

Golf
Women's Triangle Round Robin, $12,000, Virginia Beach, Va. (through June 2).

Horse Racing
Wilmington Handicap, $10,000, 3-yr -olds & up, 6 f , Delaware Park Del.

THURSDAY, MAY 30

Baseball
• New York Giants vs. Philadelphia Phillies, New York, 1 25 p.m. (Mutual).

Air Race
4th Annual Hayward-Tucson Race, $1,700, Hayward, Calif. (through June 1).

Auto Racing
Grand National Division Race, New Oxford, Pa.
Indianapolis "500," Indianapolis.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Eureka, Calif.
NASCAR Late Model Convertible Division Race, Syracuse, N Y
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, San Diego.

Boating
Craig Sailing Trophy Newport to Coronado, Long Beach Calif
Memorial Day Regatta-Invitation, Alamitos Bay, Calif. (also June 1 & 2)
Memorial Day Sailing Regatta Detro t
18th Annual Intl. Seamen's Lifeboat Races, Brooklyn. (Crew)
New York Rowing Assn. Memorial Day Regatta, Belleville, N J

Cycling
34th Kugler-Anderson Memorial Bicycle Race, Sommerville N J.

Golf
■ Palm Beach Championship, $15,000, New Rochelle, N Y.
• (through June 2, Mutual-Radio*, final day, 4 p m., NBC-TV).

Horse Racing
Brandywine Handicap, $20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m. (turf course), Delaware Park, Del
Carter Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 7 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.
Colonial Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (fillies and mares), 6 f , Garden State Park, N.J.
Dornine Stakes, $20,000, 3-yr -olds, 6 f., Balmoral, Ill.
Will Rogers Stakes $25,000, 3-yr -old colts and geld ngs, 1 m , Hollywood Park, Calif.

FRIDAY, MAY 31

Boxing
■ Clarence Hennant vs. Harold Johnson, heavyweights (10
• rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Track & Field
ICAAAA Championships, New York City (through June 1).
Compton Relays, Compton, Calif.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1

Auto Racing
MG National Rallye, Washington, D.C. (through June 2).

Baseball
■ Washington Senators vs. Boston Red Sox, Washington, D.C., 1 55 p.m. (NBC)
■ Chicago White Sox vs. Detroit Tigers, Chicago, 2 15 p.m. (CBS)

Boat Show
First Annual Cape Cod Boat Show Falmouth Harbor, Mass

Horse Racing
Camden Handicap, $30,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1¼ m., Garden State Park, N J.
Continental Turf Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1½ m. (turf course), Balmoral, Ill
Golden State Breeders' Handicap $25,000, 3 yr -olds & up, 1 1 16 m., Hollywood Park, Calif
Peter Pan Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1½ m., Belmont Park N Y.
The Kent, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m , Delaware Park, Del

Lacrosse
Navy vs. Army, Annapolis, Md.

Motorcycling
National Championship Endurance Run, Pasadena, Calif. (through June 2).

Tennis
New England Championships, Newton Center, Mass. (through June 9).

SUNDAY, JUNE 2

Auto Racing
NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Weaverville, N.C.
National SCCA Race, Fort Worth.

See local listing.

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AGGRESSIVE Sam Hanks, 43, now entering his 12th "500," races only occasionally, finished second in 1956 after crack-up damaged his car.

THOUGHTFUL Fred Agabashian is elder statesman of drivers, races only at Indy, is frequently hired to test new equipment.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
MAY 27, 1957

SPEED—AND

WHILE MILLE MIGLIA WAS STILL ON THE TONGUES OF WORLD

The massacre which occurred this week confirms the responsibility of those who don't prevent other men from exposing themselves to an atrocious death. . . . There is an insistent demand that these racing exhibitions be prohibited because they are not necessary to the progress of the machine. . . . And the drivers? The Marquis de Portago had written an article for Sports Illustrated. The unhappy man declared that nothing terrified him more than to lose control of his machine. This is the victim speaking. He teaches and warns without knowing he is doing so. . . . All racing, which is a race to death, must be abolished.

—THE VATICAN'S "L'OSSERVATORE ROMANO"

A young man was killed in Italy, racing his automobile. This young man has an article in this week's Sports Illustrated, and in this article he says this: "Racing is a vice." In other words, car racing had so gripped him, was so in his blood, that he had to race automobiles even though he knew it might mean death.

—BILLY GRAHAM IN NEW YORK

WITH the nation's foremost auto race, the Indianapolis "500" on Memorial Day, just around the corner, the racing world was astir last week with controversy over the Mille Miglia accidents and their toll of 13 dead. First there were attacks on city-to-city racing on public roads and then a broader assault, from some quarters, on all auto racing. The attacks came partly from responsible individuals and organizations genuinely shocked by the death toll and partly from persons who saw a chance to capitalize on the headlines.

At Indianapolis, where an apple-cheeked young man named Patrick James O'Connor seized the pole position for the "500" in the first day of qualifying trials, the Mille Miglia echoes were, however, faint. As a matter of fact, American racing perhaps never before displayed such vitality. After a driver's death and an extraordinary number of accidents during practice, Saturday's trials attracted a crowd of 130,000—to watch just nine cars qualify on a day that was forecast to be, and was, peppered with rain.

Except for its possible effect on the decision of Detroit automobile makers to meet June 6 and reappraise their involvement in stock car racing and performance trials, the Mille Miglia was hardly mentioned. But Detroit's case of nerves over the horsepower race and its recent excursions into competition was not exactly new. The manufacturers have been jumpy for some time over the possibility (real or imaginary) of a legislative ceiling on horsepower and have bent over backward upon occasion to free their products from the "taint" of speed.

The commotion over racing, however, raised questions that deserved to be answered. The clubs responsible for Italian auto racing reacted quickly and wisely by suspending all further open-road racing during 1957, snatching the initiative from politicians who howled for an immediate ban on all road racing.

The central question is whether cross-country racing should continue, and the almost universal answer is no. Speaking for drivers, the world champion, Juan Manuel

GENIAL Johnnie Parsons, the 1950 winner, is poor qualifier but great competitor, cracked up in early practice run this year.

HANDSOME Pat O'Connor is youthful Firestone test driver, recently drove record 170.8 mph lap at Monza. Led part of last year's race.

RUGGED Troy Ruttman has thinned down since his sweltering 1952 victory, will drive the newest Watson-built car.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BY PESKIN

INDIANAPOLIS

LEADERS THE BEST OF U.S. DRIVERS BEGAN TO QUALIFY FOR THE '500' **by KENNETH RUDEEN**

Fangio, says the Mille Miglia should never be held again, because it is too dangerous. There can be no doubt that today's racing cars are too powerful for the ancient, narrow and winding roads of the Italian race, where evidently the spectators cannot be given reasonable guarantees of safety. The same appears to be true of open-road racing everywhere.

The United States discovered early—in the old days of the Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island—and rediscovered in races on public roads in the postwar sports car boom, that the danger to spectators was too great. Such racing no longer exists in the U.S. Mexico, once notoriously casual in its attitude toward racing, has not held its Pan-American road race since the ghastly slaughter of 1954.

Country after country has discovered that it could not in good conscience support city-to-city racing, which has now become as untypical of racing in general as the citing of the bulls by the public in the streets of Pamplona is a formal bullfight. The Mille Miglia, aside from an occasional event in Sicily and South America, was the last, and certainly the most important, race of its kind.

City-to-city racing is probably doomed then, and justifiably so, but what of racing in general?

In the U.S. professional competition is carried out largely on private, closed, usually oval-shaped tracks. Almost all American sports car racing is done by amateurs, again on closed courses. But these may be either airports with simulated roads, or actual roads on private property. In all such cases, efforts can be—and are—made to keep the spectators out of danger.

Virtually every reputable race these days, whether on a track or road course, can be seen with safety. Not absolute safety, to be sure; freak accidents like the one at Le Mans might occur again. But race organizers are, above all, safety conscious, especially since Le Mans. Simply from a cold business point of view, the possibility of staggering lawsuits forces the organizers to take care.

The morality of racing, or lack of it, is another thing. Man has always raced man and has caused animals and contrivances to race. Especially in America, where the virtue of competition is engraved on the mind from infancy, accentuating the natural drive to excel and surpass, do we pit man against man, animal against animal, thing against thing, and these against distance and time.

To race a fast car is natural, but dangerous. It is possible that some unhappily twisted spectators watch auto races in the expectation of seeing violent death, but the overwhelming majority is not so base as that. We like to see men in dangerous pursuits; we are stimulated by the sight of a driver spinning wildly at high speeds at the Indianapolis Speedway, for example, but we want to see him surmount his difficulties, not suffer and succumb to them. We are with him, not against him.

Is racing too dangerous? Without the element of danger, there would be no auto race—no spectators to watch and no drivers to participate. Milk toast has never been popular

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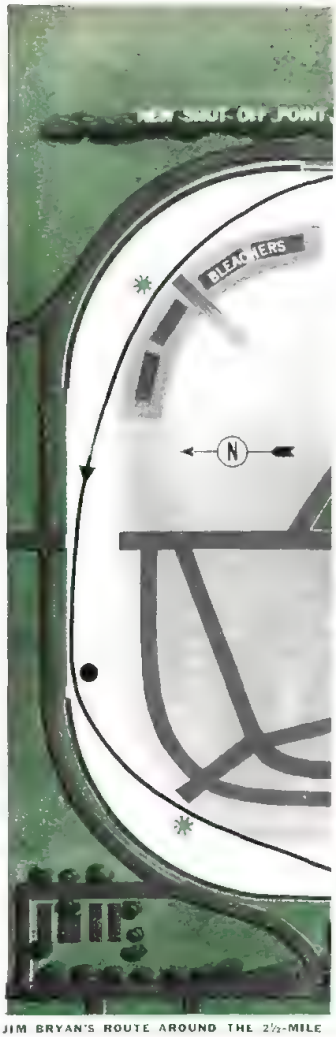
TURN THE PAGE FOR A REPORT ON THE WAY CHAMPION JIM BRYAN WILL DRIVE THE RACE

ILLUSTRATION BY DAN TODD

HOW TO DRIVE THE '500'

From the driver's seat the nation's premier race is hot, noisy, exhausting, says U.S. Champion Jim Bryan



JIM BRYAN'S ROUTE AROUND THE 2½-MILE

THE Indianapolis "500" offers its contestants the biggest pot of gold at the end of any racing rainbow (about $300,000 this year), and in return it exacts probably the greatest sacrifices. Even an old Brickyard hand like James Ernest Bryan (*see cover*), the United States Auto Club's national champion driver last year, whose "groove" at the Speedway is diagramed here, approaches the race with a respect he reserves for no other event.

Bryan knows that once he takes the green flag at Indy: he can never relax during the nearly four hours of racing; he will have no relief from the oppressive heat which soon builds up in the cramped cockpit; he can never escape the car-buffeting roar of unmuffled exhausts; in the turns he will be constantly in the terrible grip of centrifugal force, which pins him to the side of the cockpit; without warning he will strike gusts of wind which can bounce him several feet to one side on the straightaways or toward an unyielding wall in the corners; and some misadventure absolutely beyond his control may be lurking anywhere on the track —like the four-car pile-up that forced the great Bill Vukovich to go over the fence to his death in the 1955 race.

If any man is suited to the demands of the "500" by temperament, physique and training, it is Jim Bryan. At 30, he is 6 feet tall, weighs 215 pounds and is as wide and tough as a pro football guard. He won the old AAA national championship in 1954, the new USAC title last year, and he always has been in the thick of it in his five tries at Indianapolis. He came closest to victory in 1954, in one of the most courageous drives ever seen at the Brickyard. Having led for 60 laps, he lost first place to Vukovich during a pit stop and resumed the chase only to have his springs and shock absorbers break. Thereafter he took a remorseless pounding in his crippled car and finished second, nonetheless.

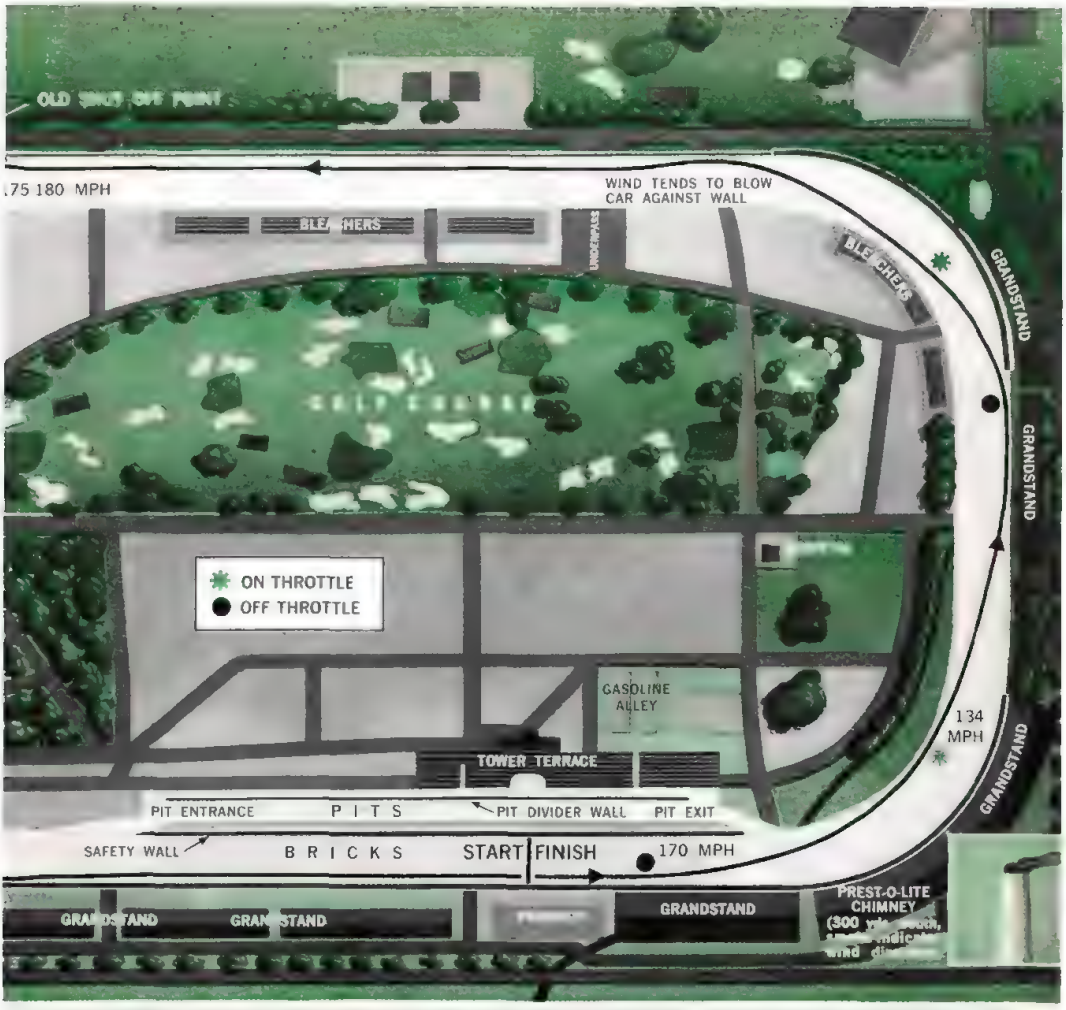
The Brickyard is a 2½-mile rectangle with rounded, mildly banked corners, and it must be driven with all the speed a driver can command, all the way. On the two long straightaways he will reach speeds between 170 and 180 mph. None of the other races in which Bryan and his fellow drivers compete accustoms them to such speeds. They race that fast only at Indianapolis, one race a year. Obviously it is impossible to relax at 170 mph, with other cars to look out for, a corner looming up, and the possibility of wind gusts that, as Bryan puts it, "jack me over three feet."

Veterans like Bryan use every resource to keep tabs on the wind. They watch the smoke from a large industrial chimney south of the course (*see map*) —even the leaves on the trees in the infield. Since prevailing winds are from the west, the southwest corner is especially tricky, for the wind tends to push the racers into the wall. On the home straightaway the wind may come in gusts between the grandstands. This can mean that Bryan will have a calm stretch, then a gust, calm stretch, gust, etc. for nearly a mile of each lap.

If driving the straights is taxing, consider the problems in the corners. Chassis builders and mechanics devise new gimmicks each year to keep the cars in the groove at higher speeds, and last year, with the track almost completely repaved, the fastest cars were approaching 135 mph in the turns. Like most of the best drivers, Bryan has a new, lighter car this year, weighing only 1,850 pounds, and although the engine is smaller, he will be getting more "bite" in the turns and therefore taking them faster.

"I never get off the throttle all at once coming into a corner," says Bryan. "I always come off easy. And I never come off all the way. I always keep a little power on."

Bryan eases through the corners in a mild four-wheel drift, countering the



INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY IS KEYED TO THE FASTEST AND SAFEST PATHS THROUGH THE CORNERS. THE TRACK'S WIDTH IS EXAGGERATED HERE

tendency of the rear wheels to lose traction by turning the front wheels a bit to the right. He knows that he must come as close as possible to the absolute minimum of adhesion without actually losing traction entirely.

"Halfway into a corner," he says, "you'd better be pretty well back on the accelerator. Coming out of it you'd better be flatfooted. I take the corners at the ends of the long straights about the same way [see map for Bryan's route and the points at which he accelerates and decelerates], but I can get into the north turn a little hotter because the asphalt back there is a lot smoother than the bricks on the front straight. The bricks will shake your teeth out at 100 mph, by the way, but they're not bad at 140 and up; you just skim over the tops."

If everything goes according to schedule next week, Bryan will take two breaks from the exhausting grind —two pit stops. "We'll take on 50 gallons of fuel and change tires, and I'll get a cup of water and a new pair of goggles in the 35 to 45 seconds we use up in a good pit stop," Bryan explains.

Personal discomfort in the driver's seat is intense for anyone, but for a man of Bryan's size the tiny cockpit is a hellish sweatbox. "Everything in a race car gets hot," he says, "and if you happen to let your leg touch the driveshaft housing it will burn blisters on you before you can stop to think."

Bryan says this without complaint. He would be nowhere but at Indianapolis on Memorial Day, shoehorned into his sweatbox, scrapping for the lead with the drivers who share with him a consuming desire to be at the front on this, the most demanding of race tracks.

There is little wonder that everybody wants to be a front-runner, because Indianapolis dangles the juiciest carrot in auto racing as a prize for the leader of each lap—$150. That's $30,000 for the man who can stay ahead during the 200 laps of the race, but no driver has pocketed all the lap money so far. Billy Arnold came closest in 1930, when he showed the way for 198 laps.

A man who takes enormous pride in his right to have the big No. 1 of the U.S. champion on his car and finds the joy of winning worth every discomfort, Bryan will be chasing the big carrot with everything he has next Thursday.

"Back in 1954," he says, "there came a time when I wondered what I was doing out there, with those springs and shocks broken, but when I got a second out of it, it was O.K. I was in the lead $9,000 worth, anyway." END

SPECTACLE

In a Paris Wood

TEXT BY HORACE SUTTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT DOISNEAU

AMERICANS in Paris this month, foraging around the Flea Market, plumbing the Sartrean *caves*, or viewing the masterpieces on display at the Louvre—or, for that matter, the Folies-Bergère—might well wonder where everyone is. In the spring the French give up philosophy, figures, figurines, yea, even *foie gras*, for the Bois de Boulogne, a great billiard-green expanse just west of the Eiffel Tower. The Bois is every Parisian's own principality. Lovers park their motor scooters and love in it. Whiskered men park their bicycles and fish in it. Foreigners toting tents park their cars and camp in it.

France's best fighters train along its paths. American Little Leaguers bang out base hits on its broad fields. Cows meander its juicy pastures, and the elegant dine under Japanese lanterns in its leafy arbors.

In more raucous days, kings hunted its woodlands, bombs exploded its native serenity and Russian cossacks once used it as a bivouac. And, while it remains unlawful to beat a rug or sound a hunting horn anywhere within the 2,000 acres, still one can shoot a live pigeon, bet on a horse, ride a merry-go-round, take a railroad ride through a forest, sail on the Enchanted River, or swim in a barge parked along its shore. Somewhere in the big oblong bordered by the Seine and the swank

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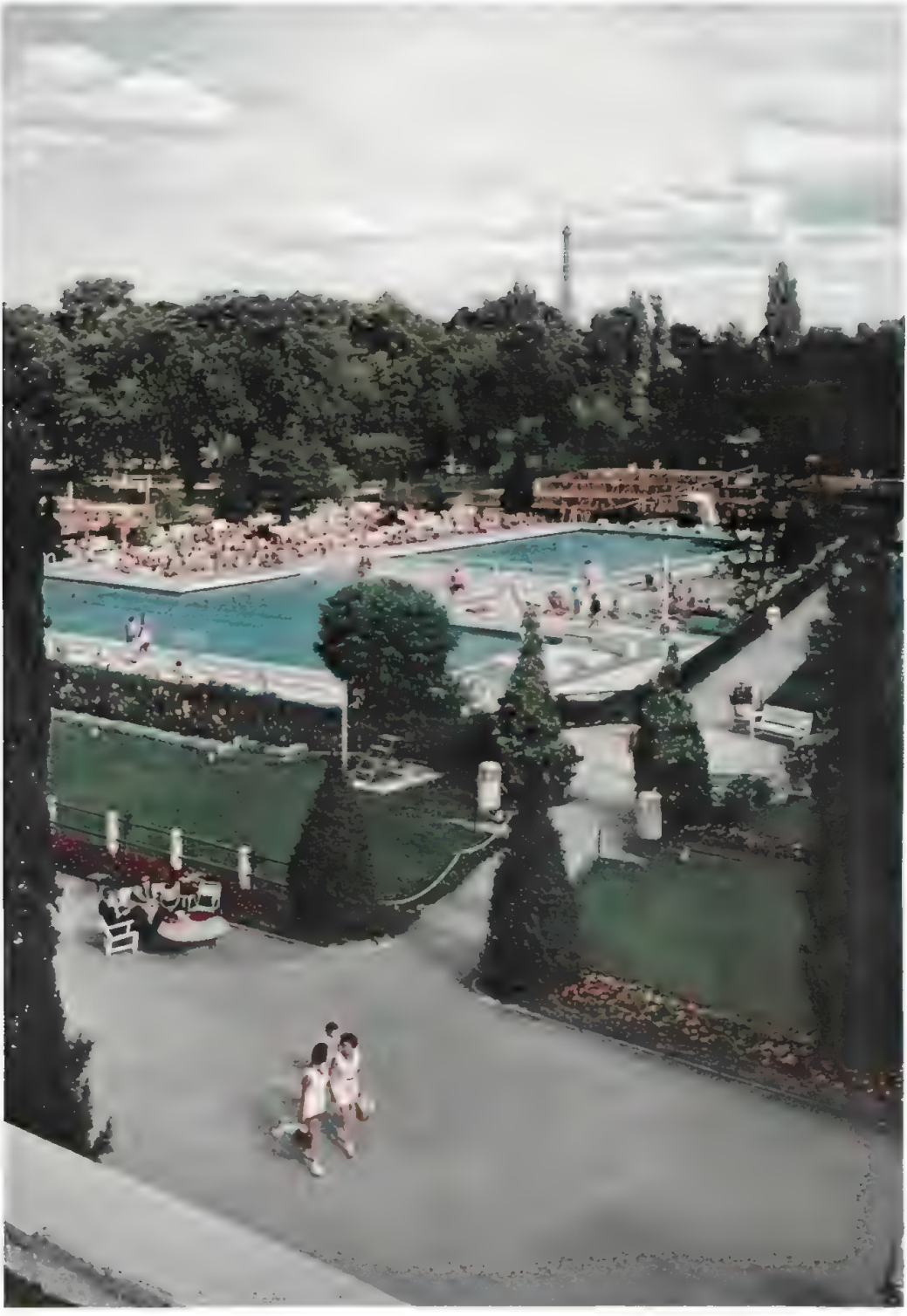
Here is the sophisticated Bois—elegant habitués of the Racing Club de France, most exclusive of all French sporting clubs, watching polo in the warm spring sun

But here, at the Grand Lac and the Etang Saint-James near Longchamp (below), the workaday Parisian finds his tranquil pleasures—boating with the children or, his faithful "motocyclette" parked in the shade of a tree, waiting contemplatively for the fish that never bite but always stimulate daydreaming



Tennis players stroll and swimmers splash in Le Racing's elegant confines while the Eiffel Tower spikes the skyline

IN A PARIS WOOD

continued

Parisian residences are three lakes, five ponds and 11 private sporting clubs and nine restaurants, all considered chic. (The poor people of Paris must bring their lunch.) Two of its corners are occupied by Longchamp and Auteuil, the prime race tracks of Paris, where the city displays not only horses but the latest creations of the *haute couture*.

Longchamp, a lovely track brimming with roses, pompons, zinnias and yellow *croix-de-feu*, is built on the grounds of an old abbey where in ancient days all Paris turned out at Eastertime to hear hymns sung by resident nuns known as the cloistered Sisters of the Humility of Our Lady. Under the shadow of an ivied windmill that still remains from the old abbey, Longchamp now offers flat racing from the first Sunday in April to the last Sunday of October, sponsored by an organization known handily as the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Amélioration des Races de Chevaux en France. Under that umbrella the Société also encourages the amelioration of racing at Chantilly and Deauville, an outpost of elegance on the Channel.

Designers' showcase

The biggest event of the year is the Grand Prix de Paris, held the last Sunday in June. To watch the running for the 27-million-franc purse, the *haut monde* shows up in gray tails, known as *la jaquette*, and a gray topper, known as *un tube*. It is also passable to wear *le melon*, a bowler of gray or black, and some types affect the black cutaway with striped pants, but, as an official of the Société explained, "this is not *très chic*." Parisian designers use the Grand Prix and the running of the "Grand Steep" at Auteuil a week earlier to display their latest collections, which come to the track aboard the most dazzling models. Some *grandes dames* also arrive dressed to the nines, but whether their gowns have been lent by a house or bought by an admirer is always a popular point of paddock discussion.

A 500,000-franc gown for the Grand Prix is not unknown and, in the half hour between races, the ladies descend from the grandstand, stroll the pebbled walks, watch the weighing in and pose, champagne glasses in hand, before the lacy green railings banked for the summer with thousands of pink geraniums.

While not as voluptuously landscaped as Longchamp, Auteuil, the home of the steeplechase, offers the ultimate in French racing comfort. An elevator will lift 60 aficionados per minute to a second deck. Infrared lamps heat the open stands and, in a four-deck glass-enclosed restaurant, girls collect wagers while you eat, permitting a man to tender a bet and slurp a bouillabaisse practically simultaneously. Out the window, the vast track stretches for nearly a mile along the east side of the Bois. French cavalry officers in their red and gray and gold kepis stroll the center field. A Paris fireman in a wide red-and-blue belt, toting his elegant, gleaming silver helmet, keeps watch of a sort. And, across the field, above the chestnut trees, the orange awnings and the orange shutters brighten the beige terraces of the parkside Paris apartments that fringe the Bois.

Each year on the night of the Grand Prix, Aly Khan gives a reception for 300 at the Pré Catelan, one of the nine restaurants of the Bois, overlooking a meadow once used for fighting duels. Under the soft-cloud murals on the ceiling of its mirrored hall or under the crystal chandeliers that hang from the trees of its outdoor terrace, Saudi princes, Belgian dukes, Aristotle Onassis, Maurice Chevalier, Clark Gable, or anybody with $20 to spend on dinner, can dance away the summer nights. Fridays are formal. For chauffeurs there is a *buvette* in the back, but gone are the cows that were kept on hand for the frivolous, who used to stop by at 5 a.m. for a sobering glass of fresh milk.

La Cascade, near the Longchamp course, spreads its red umbrella tables amid a lush setting of pink hydrangeas, hard by a grotto and a pool. Armenonville, long a soignée site near La Porte Maillot, has just reopened (May 17) under the patronage of Mme. Queenie-Biancheri, owner of Queenie's restaurant in Paris and Queenie's on the Promenade des Anglais in Nice. Queenie's kingly decor calls for Louis Seize trappings, orchestra for dancing, *thés dansants* on weekends, midweek luncheons for businessmen, and weddings and club meetings on demand.

Probably the cheapest place to eat in the Bois is at *Le Self-Service*, a cafeteria operated by the Racing Club of France and, unfortunately, available only to its members. The largest sports club in the country, the Racing occupies 17 acres of Bois real estate on which it offers its 15,000 members two swimming pools, 50 clay tennis courts, nine volleyball courts, one basketball court and almost anything except serious racing. The location of such an athletic center, just one mile from the Étoile, has proved such an attraction that the Racing is turning down about 4,000 applications a year. Initiation fees are 15,000 francs (about $43), and annual dues for all sports are 17,000 francs, 15,000 for those who only play tennis. Interested Americans accompanied by an introductory letter from the U.S. Embassy should have no trouble joining.

The club known as Étrier (stirrup), on the other hand, keeps its membership to a snug 615 of whom 250 are active riders, and the others are watchers.

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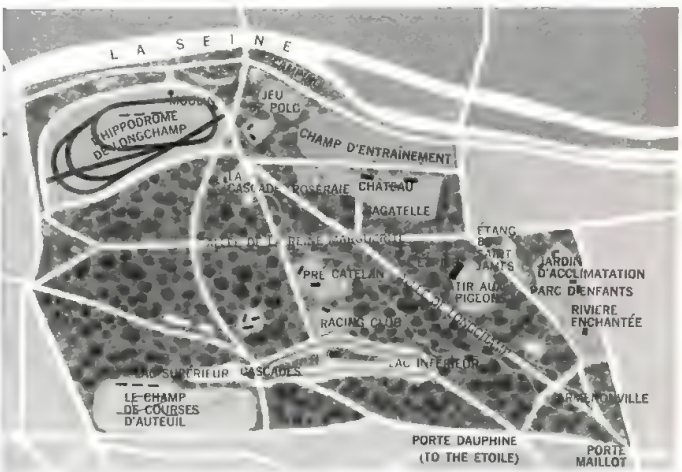


MAP OF THE BOIS shows the locations of race courses, lakes, the pigeon shoot, the sporting clubs and other attractions described by the author in the accompanying text.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

PORTAGO: FROM LIFE TO LEGEND ● CALM WINNERS AT PIMLICO ● THE CORNELL CREW AT PRINCETON ● D'AMATO SITS THE SADDLE AND TAKES THE REINS ● SMALLER THAN LIFE ● THE NUTRIA AS CARPETBAGGER

FAREWELL TO PORTAGO

NO MAN is gone from the world completely at the moment of death, least of all a man who whirled through life as fast as the handsome young Marquis de Portago. Last week, days after he crashed to his death in the Mille Miglia, he lingered on in echoes —some sympathetic, some dissonant —in the minds of a great many people. Some gave little hint of what they were thinking. At his funeral in a tiny chapel at Cavriana cemetery, Enzo Ferrari, head of the factory whose car he had driven, came face to face with Mrs. Fumi Nelson, Japanese widow of the American who died with him. Ferrari, pale and bent, extended his hand. The Japanese woman smiled formally, made a slight bow and ignored it. The Marquis's beautiful widow knelt, weeping, and laid a wreath on his coffin. The inscription read: "All my love always—Weg."

As the Marquis's body was flown to Paris for shipment to Madrid he was castigated, both for the manner of his life and the manner of his death. The semiofficial news organ of the Vatican, quoting from Portago's now-famous article in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ("Racing is a vice and as such extremely hard to give up"), added: "The victim is like a drug addict. . . . [He] teaches that the 'racing typhoid' is . . . an incurable sickly state." And in New York's Madison Square Garden, Evangelist Billy Graham also quoted the line, "Racing is a vice . . ." and then cried: "Ladies and gentlemen, sin is a vice that leads us eventually to death. The penalty for sin is death!"

In Europe his fellow racing drivers —a good many of whom were preparing for the Grand Prix of Monaco— defended him, and his philosophy, stoutly. The great Juan Fangio, who knelt at the dead racer's coffin before starting for Monaco, was near tears on hearing that Portago had praised him in print. "I considered him one of the most courageous of all the racing drivers . . . a good driver and an excellent comrade." Some of them agreed with his conclusion that racing was addictive. "Like being drunk or being in love," said the expatriate American driver Harry Schell. "You can't quit," said England's Stirling Moss. "Car racing is one of the most difficult things to give up. . . . [But] if you didn't like it you'd go off your rocker." It was France's Jean Behra, however, who found the words to explain this attitude a little further. "Only those who don't move, don't die. But since they do not move they are already dead."

In New York, the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED opened a letter mailed in Italy the day before the Mille Miglia and discovered a last message from the Marquis. "I am really looking forward to seeing my first article in print. I hope that some day I shall be able to write decently and, although I am sure that my present efforts are amateurish in the extreme, I am, as you know, an optimist. I am hoping to hear from you very soon."

MR. FITZ AT PIMLICO

WHEN MR. FITZ emerged from an elevator and sauntered across the lobby of the Sheraton-Belvedere Hotel in Baltimore at 8 o'clock in the morning, he looked like a man who hadn't quite made up his mind what he would do with himself that day.

He stopped at a glass display case and examined some figurines of race horses and jockeys and grooms. Taking his time, he walked to the door, sniffed the weather and decided to send upstairs for his raincoat.

Meanwhile, out at Pimlico, in the barns across the infield from the ancient clubhouse, the horse named Bold Ruler,

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Not Guilty, But . . .**
  Ken Loeffler, charged by the Southwest Conference with illegal recruiting of basketball players for Texas A&M, got both pats and cuffs from school authorities who were asked to investigate. A&M 1) called the charges doubtful and the violations minor even if true; 2) barred Loeffler from any further recruiting; 3) announced he will be kept as coach till his contract runs out a year from now.
- **Hot Warmup**
  Dave Sime finished up the college baseball season (which preoccupied him this spring), switched to the 100-yard dash, ran it in the year's best time: 9.3. But he may not meet Bobby Morrow in the NCAA championships in June; he is likely to be playing baseball for Duke in the college World Series that week.
- **A Fabulous Invalid**
  Tulyar, the costly imported stallion ($672,000) who has been wasting away from an intestinal virus and other ailments since February, now seems on his way to recovery. At Kentucky's Claiborne Farm, Tulyar is eating well, gaining weight.
- **The Winner and Still Challenger**
  Donald Campbell, who set the world speedboat record of 225.63 mph in his jet-powered *Bluebird* last year, will try for 250 in her this summer. The *Bluebird* will be shipped to the U.S. from England in June. Attempts at a new record will be made in July or August (according to weather) on New York's Lake Canandaigua.

looking as did Mr. Fitz—as though he had nothing especially planned for the day, nibbled at a rubber-hose-covered chain until it fell down, and a groom had to get up from his chair and fix it. He took his time and Bold Ruler watched *him* with interest.

A little way off, sitting in a folding chair, tense-looking, a tall, lean man of about 35 kept his eyes glued to a stall in which fidgeted the horse named Iron Liege. Man and horse both looked as if they had something to do and it was worrying them—not the doing of it, but the waiting for it to start.

A visitor strolled down the row of stalls toward Iron Liege. The tense-looking man, Wendell Griffin, groom for Trainer Jimmy Jones, sprang out of the chair. "No!" he cried, "Jimmy don't want nobody botherin' the horse! Jimmy don't want nobody fussin' around! That horse is the one's got to go around that track, he's the one got to run that race. Jimmy don't want him bothered!" The visitor nodded and moved away.

Along about 5:15 (33 minutes before post time), Mr. Fitz sat on a chair in the paddock with his self-appointed body guard, a retired police captain named John Byrne, at his side. The horses had not been brought in yet and only a few people were there. Mr. Fitz still looked like a man who had nothing particular to do, nothing special to say. He was relaxed like any old gentleman who was just sitting around, killing a little time.

Suddenly the paddock was filled with horses. Iron Liege was in his stall now, nervous and prancing, with Wendell Griffin and Jimmy Jones struggling with him. The Derby winner was sweating and kicking the back of his stall, and some people took that as a good sign.

Kathleen Fitzsimmons, granddaughter of Mr. Fitz, told about the religious medal she brought back from Rome. It had been fastened to Bold Ruler's bridle, along with a bit of ribbon from Nashua's Preakness victory of two years ago. Captain Byrne nudged a man next to Miss Fitzsimmons and said: "I've got a medal of my own on the other side of the bridle."

It is the practice of the Stevens brothers, the concessionaires, to send a case of champagne to the winner's barn, and about 15 minutes later the order came to send it on over to Mr. Fitz.

Mr. Fitz was standing there outside the barn, with a glass in his hand, shaking hands with people who came up to congratulate him, when Snag, the groom, walked up with Bold Ruler, who still looked like a horse who had nothing special to do and hadn't been doing anything in particular. "Give him a good drink of water there, Snag," said Mr. Fitz. "Give him some champagne if he wants it."

When Snag had Bold Ruler washed down, he called out, "What blanket shall I put on him, Mr. Fitz?" "Oh," said Mr. Fitz, "don't put anything on him, Snag. Dry him off good and let him go naked."

At 6:30 o'clock, with Captain Byrne carrying a box of sandwiches, Mr. Fitz waved goodby to everybody and walked over to the car that was to take him back to New York. It was less than 45 minutes since the cry of "They're off!" in the Preakness. And, as Captain Byrne helped him into the automobile, Mr. Fitz, for the first time that day, looked like a man who had some place to go, and was in a hurry to get there.

ROWING'S TRIPLE CROWN

A PICNIC ATMOSPHERE prevailed at Princeton's Lake Carnegie last Saturday. The meadow rolling back from the water's edge was dotted with gaily colored tablecloths, covered with sandwiches, fried chicken, potato salad, beer and soft drinks and surrounded by a mixture of Bermuda-short-clad undergraduates and alumni. A normal number of children wandered, temporarily motherless, through the clusters of picnickers, begging sandwiches and ice cream, while their frantic parents attempted to relocate them through the services of an unruffled, immovable straw-chewing constable. The conversation was relaxed and, heard in snatches, faintly funny.

"Of course, you realize I'm the president of the local Audubon Society," said one mustached, monacled oldster to a charming matron in vintage lace. Then he leaned his rakish tweeds on a bone-handled cane and waited for the impact of this revelation to hit home. A camera bug leaned too far over the bank and fell in the lake as he tried to take a picture of the University of Pennsylvania freshman crew finishing a consolation race. The 8,000 people there had come to see Cornell and Yale battle it out for the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges championship. The week before Cornell had beaten Yale in the Kentucky Derby of crew racing—the two-mile Carnegie Cup. The EARC sprints, like the Preakness in horse racing, cover a shorter distance. It would be the last time these two great crews would meet. The race was perhaps the most thrilling ever staged on Carnegie Lake and, though Navy and Pennsylvania also qualified for the finals, Yale and Cornell made it a two-boat show. The two shells were never more than three feet apart in the 2,000-meter duel. Yale led, slightly, until 10 strokes from the finish when Cornell, stroking a brisk 38, shot through the flag-marked finish line in front by less than 12 inches, one tenth of a second faster than Yale in 6:11.8.

With the Carnegie Cup and the Eastern championship now locked safely away at Ithaca, Cornell is pointing for the IRA championship, rowing's equivalent of the Belmont Stakes. If the Big Red wins this one at Syracuse next month, it will go down in history as the first winner of rowing's "Triple Crown."

LAST BLAST

When all the skeet are shot, and still
The urge within him lurks,
He throws his watch into the air—
This way he shoots the works.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

D'AMATO'S PROSPECTUS

IT IS an old axiom of the fight game that the man who controls the heavyweight champion controls boxing. The man today is Cus D'Amato, a party of passion and righteousness whose apocalyptic statements have earned him a reputation as an eccentric and windmill-tilter. D'Amato is certainly an individualist but just as surely no windmill-tilter. He can wheel and deal in the finest tradition and has done so. Otherwise he would not have been able to maneuver Floyd Patterson to the title against the fitful but formidable opposition of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), an achievement that demanded much more than fervor and rhetoric.

Last week Cus wheeled again. He revealed that the languishing Patterson would make his first title-defense,

continued

"Isn't he rather large for a bull?"

not for the IBC, but for Emil Lence, a slight, 39-year-old New York dress manufacturer and onetime Brooklyn *fight promoter. Cus was quick to point* out that Lence's promotion would be only one of four or five proposed title bouts this year and that other promoters, perhaps Jack Hurley among them, would be involved.

Lence is presently negotiating for a challenger, site and date. The most likely place, New York's Polo Grounds; the date, late in July. The matter of an opponent may prove more difficult. Ideally, it would be Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, the No. 1 challenger, but Jackson's manager has demanded an exorbitant guarantee ("$250,000, give a pickle, take a pickle") and, in the bargain, Norris has been threatening to match Jackson and No. 2 Challenger Eddie Machen outdoors. But neither Cus nor Emil seems perturbed. Said Cus:

"Patterson will fight anybody in the world beginning with No. 1 [Jackson] and going right down the line until we find someone who is ready. If No. 1 refuses, he forfeits his right, as I see it. But I can't conceive of a manager in a normal state of mind refusing to fight for the title. It's the dream of every manager. It was my dream."

Beyond the title-defenses, Cus has his grand plan to restore competition and vigor to boxing—a design which, when he announced it, brought the old ridicule down on him once more.

It is Cus's hope that by giving the championship defenses to independent promoters he will diminish the IBC's strength. But Cus has strict qualifications for each promoter. "I want," he said, "a man who intends to stay in boxing, not a man looking for a lucrative one-shot. I want a man independently wealthy, so he can turn his boxing earnings back into boxing. I want a man with an aggressive spirit, someone who will take a stand, a man whose personal feeling has been hurt by the way boxing has been run. I want a man who will remain competitive and in constant opposition to the IBC; a man prepared, moreover, to take on one of the network TV shows if and when the IBC is forced to give one up—and this court trial will be a farce if they don't make them give one up. I also want a man who will promise to give a chance to those fighters and managers who haven't had the opportunity to get work because of the IBC and are deserving of it. Now, does that sound like I'm crazy, as they call me? After all, those that control the vehicle can drive it any way they wish."

DATUM

THE ELECTRONIC AGE is surely here, but the consequences of the era are not so certain.

Offered in evidence is the remark of a spectator leaving New York's St. Nicholas Arena last week after eyewitnessing a dandy fight.

"Gee," the spectator told his companion, "what a fight it must have been on television!"

UP THE ANIMALS

EVER SINCE the early settlers landed on the eastern seaboard, muskets at the ready, People have been giving Animals a terrible kicking around in the U.S. The buffalo turned up his hoofs even before the invention of the automobile and, in the years since, thanks to hunters, superhighways, gang plows, smog and an expanding People population, even skunks and porcupines have been having a tougher and tougher time of it. But in the last few years, along the Gulf Coasts of Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, it has begun to appear as if People might be facing a startling division of wealth with a newcomer in the ranks of U.S. wildlife: the nutria-coypu or swamp beaver.

The nutria, a native of southern South America, looks, at first glance, like a cross between a muskrat and a beaver; he is a powerful swimmer, weighs in the neighborhood of 20 pounds, his short, round ears, long whiskers, coarse outer fur, a long, black, round seminaked tail and four big, orange-colored incisors. He is a vegetarian who is not particular about his diet. Also, he believes in large families and lots of them. Until he got to the U.S., however, he had nothing but trouble; he was so heavily trapped in Argentina that he was virtually extinct there by 1910, and surviving specimens were incarcerated on fur farms in South America and Europe.

In 1938, however, E. A. McIlhenny (of the family which manufactures Tabasco sauce) brought a few pairs of Argentine nutrias to Avery Island, Iberia Parish, Louisiana, thereby, as things turned out, becoming a sort of Bolivar of the swamp beavers. The hurricane of 1940 knocked over the McIlhennys' "escapeproof" fences, and the nutrias hit for the bayous and marshes. They spread both east and west—eating their way through succulent bulrushes, cattails and aquatic vegetation and producing five litters of five or six little nutrias every two years. Virtually no predators have interrupted their resurgent advance—*big alligators will gulp down nutrias* if they get the chance, but big alligators are relatively rare creatures.

Trappers prey on them, it is true, but only halfheartedly; pelts of nutrias from warm regions are inferior to those from southern Argentina and bring only a dollar or two; also, the pelt is hard to skin, scrape and stretch. Even so, figures on trapping give an idea of the nutria's amazing spread; 136 pelts were taxed in Louisiana in 1943-44, and 374,199 in 1955-56. The nutria has marched on regardless—demonstrating recently an appetite for rice, corn, sugar cane and the bark of trees, as well as for less valuable feed.

While People generally manage to doublecross Animals, the nutrias have managed to doublecross People. People with weed-clogged lakes have obligingly helped them find new worlds to conquer. *The Eagle Lake Rod and Gun* Club of Texas is an example. In 1950 four female nutrias and one male were dumped into 1,400-acre Eagle Lake; within four years they had eaten up all the lake's islands of bulrushes and cattails, which provide cover for ducks, and the animals were creating "eat-outs" in nearby farmland. Club members have shot 15,000 nutrias in the

last two years. In 1955 Governor Allan Shivers put two nutrias in a lake on his Woodville, Texas farm; the lake is now clean as a whistle and the nutrias have advanced into his cornfields.

Despite these dramatic demonstrations, the nutria has not yet really caused any severe damage in the South. But sportsmen fear it could practically eat the marshes and swamps of the Gulf Coast out from under the duck population. Farmers shudder at what it could do to crops. Perhaps the final solution of the problem will have to come from South America. Unlike some Animals, nutrias will not eat People. But People can eat nutrias. "When roasted," reads a report from Buenos Aires, "it is similar to suckling pig. The flesh is light pink and presents a palatable appearance when cooked and does not [ugh] turn black as in the case of muskrat."

ATTENTIVE MALE TYPES TURN OUT, TOO, TO WATCH COLLEGE-GIRL SAILORS FROM PORCHES OF BROWN UNIVERSITY BOATHOUSE ON SEEKONK

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

FOR SPRING, FOR COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY'S Corliss Knapp, who won third place, bails dinghy.

HOLYOKE'S Nan Pilcher, drying out, discusses races with Middlebury's Nancy Sharp.

PEMBROKE Hostess Joyce Knowles and Betty Weed of Wheaton get dinghies ready.

ABANDONING SHIP, JAN HOLMES AND SHIRLEY MILLS OF THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN GIVE RESCUE BOAT ITS BIG CHANCE OF DAY

AND FOR SAIL

SPRING showed its squally side for girl sailors from 10 eastern colleges who met in dinghy competition at the Pembroke Invitational Regatta on Providence's Seekonk River. The girls were out to prove that they can sail every bit as well as men—and they prettily established their point. They jockeyed their dinghies up to the starting line in hotly competitive fashion, rounded the marks of the figure-eight course with sporty sharpness and—like small-boat sailors anywhere—lodged a spray of "Buoy room!" protests. Nonetheless, despite two or three collisions, the invasion of the course by a large oil tanker, a dismasting and an upset in the gusty wind, the full day's racing series was a clear success. Connecticut College, Mount Holyoke and Middlebury finished 1-2-3 for the day.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

LEADING FLEET, winners Judy Sawtelle and Katty Lloyd-Rees of Connecticut College get set to round buoy.

TO LONDON

TIME WAS when the grand tour consisted of a stately but slow procession by carriage through the capitals of Europe. The other day, 40 Americans and their wives set off on a novel modern variant. All had one thing in common—they were members of the Triumph Sports Owners Association, and had decided to buy the new Triumph TR3, a zippy little number manufactured in Coventry, England. When they heard the news, the Triumph brass made a grand gesture—they chartered a plane, invited their U.S. fans to fly over and pick up their new cars at London Airport to have a Continental grand tour before shipping the cars back home to the U.S. The Americans were delighted.

The chartered plane taxied to a stop directly beside a lotful of sports cars. Each lady was presented with a bouquet; while the gentlemen were handed fistfuls of maps and official documents. Presently the Americans were off on an itinerary which included Stratford-upon-Avon, Coventry (for a look at the assembly line), France, Belgium, Austria and Switzerland—a jaunt of some 2,000 miles and a most pleasant way to break in a new car.

AMERICAN TOURISTS GET FIRST GLIMPSE OF THEIR NEW CARS AT LONDON AIRPORT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY BURROWS

CARDEALER David Thomas, Long Beach, Calif., holding wife's bouquet, has a chat with Mrs. Vernes Schact.

TELEPHONE WIRE CHIEF Paul Crawley, California, gets down to examine the compartment under the trunk which contains spare tire.

LONDON SALESMAN Derek Maude *(at wheel)* explains adjustable steering to the Robert Banovs, Wheeling, W. Va.

TO START THE GRAND TOUR

CHEMICAL ENGINEER BOYD McCONKEY (LEFT), WALLINGFORD, PA., AND KEN VARKER PEER UNDER BONNET AT TRIUMPH'S CARBURETOR

CAR DEALER Farm Howard *crouching*, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., tells of plan to tour Europe independent of rally.

PUBLIC RELATIONS Executive David Hebb, Locust Valley, N.Y., prepares to spray engine paintwork with shellac as wife kibitzes.

METALLURGIST Dudley Rockwell, West Hartford, Conn., looks at travel folder with Mrs. Rockwell.

CHASE THAT BALLOON

A BALLOON is a very perverse vehicle; a sports car is a most obedient machine. The two seem impossible together, but spring is a time for harmony, and in the balmy weather Philadelphia sports drivers and balloonists joined forces. Zigzagging over roads after the balloon, the drivers competed as in a rally, scoring points by retrieving toy parachutes and planes dropped from the wandering gas bag. As the balloon drifted north, south, east and west in a shifty spring wind (not going anywhere really), the car drivers spent half the time scrambling afoot. The youngest rallyist, Philip Dean, age 13, got lost in the woods and was rescued by a Mercedes. The winner, Tom Stewart, drove 10 miles, ran four miles, fell 15 feet from a tree and scored 420 points. The rally director, Al Bochroch, ended up with the second best score and the worst case of poison ivy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HALMI

PURSUING MERCEDES, piloted by Frank Diament, stands parked as balloon changes course in fitful winds aloft.

AS CREW OF BALLOON CLUB OF AMERICA WEIGHS OFF AT VALLEY FORGE

1,000 FEET UP, Balloon Co-pilot Connie Wolf releases a toy plane Car drivers recovered about half of the four dozen missiles dropped.

AIRPORT TWO DOZEN SPORTS CAR DRIVERS AND CO PILOTS GET READY TO START A UNIQUE RALLY CHASING BASKETFUL OF BALLOONISTS

SCRAMBLING FOR POINTS, drivers chase a parachute into a thicket *(above)*, and two more *(right)* climb tree after toy plane.

THE RULER IS RESTORED

Aided by Fitzsimmons strategy, Bold Ruler won the Preakness with Iron Liege leading the hopeless pursuit

by WHITNEY TOWER

FOR five of the six days of Preakness Week at Pimlico the skeptics were in the saddle. In the course of this drawn-out session they naturally settled all remaining disorder among the 3-year-old Thoroughbred division with the hasty conclusion that Derby winner Iron Liege would become the first colt since Citation (1948) to follow his Kentucky victory with a win in the Preakness. The odds, to be sure, were in their favor; for while Calumet's Iron Liege was training up to this important date in superb condition, his chief rival, Bold Ruler, was having fun by playing the role of the honor student suddenly aware that you don't have to be marked 100 to pass every exam. Bold Ruler, yes, won the Preakness Prep, but nobody thought much of his race. Some said he'd had too much racing. Some said his back was hurting him again. Some said he was overrated to begin with. And many others simply shrugged and said, in effect, what can you expect from a Nasrullah anyway—they run when they want to, but when you want them to run they're as likely as not to spit in your eye and double-cross you every time. That's what the skeptics said.

Then, on the sixth day of Preakness Week the other team took over. When they did, Bold Ruler, Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and Eddie Arcaro cleaned up. It was a slaughter.

Two hours before Preakness post time Arcaro had confided: "This track—with its tight turns and short home stretch—is made to order for a front-running horse. Most speed horses can carry their speed around a tight turn without any change of stride, and if they can hold the rail they can make it awful tough for any come-from-behind horse to get by 'em [in 14 of the past 18 Preaknesses the first horse rounding the final turn into the stretch went on to win]." Eddie looked solemnly down at his program. "You ought to be able to figure this race pretty well. In the first place there's seven of us in it, but Iron Liege is the only horse worth worrying about. He's in No. 4 post, I'm in 5 and Federal Hill is on the outside. Well, you know for a fact that Federal Hill is going to try and bust out of there and take the inside going into the first turn. You know Hartack's going to have Iron Liege up in second or third spot, and then these other guys

continued on page 37

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

BLINKERS WERE OFF Bold Ruler as jubilant Arcaro took him to winner's circle.

The world offers 3 great whiskies —one is Lord Calvert

EVER wonder why decanters come in threes?

The answer is clear. It is surely to accept the world's *three* great whiskies. A great Scotch. A great Canadian. And the greatest of all *American* whiskies—our own LORD CALVERT.

Why not give your guests this thoughtful choice tonight? It is a lordly gesture. The act of a man of distinction.

LORD CALVERT. BLENDED WHISKEY OF DISTINCTION. 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C.

McGregor goes to Sea Island for a grand old fabric...
the news is what it comes in! **CORDETTE**

Summer's classic fabric—softest, most subtle of cords—now turns up in the year's most unusual wardrobe of cool casuals. Rich in new ideas, new costly tailoring details—all 100% washable! Cordette Cardigan snugs your wrists and waist with contrasting rib-knit trim. $6.95. Fabulous Cordette Ivy Sport Coat. $47.95. Cordette Short: slash pockets, side tabs. $5.00. Cordette Golfer self-belted slack. $5.95.

McGREGOR GOES NEW PLACES FOR NEW FASHIONS

McGREGOR*

SPORTSWEAR

McGregor-Doniger, Inc.

RULER RESTORED

continued from page 34

[Arcaro's finger ran down past the names of jockeys riding Inswept, Promised Land, Nah Hiss and Inside Tract] are on come-from-behind colts who won't do much running during the first part of it anyway. So where does that leave me and Bold Ruler? It means I either try and rate him off Federal Hill —which is how I got Bold Ruler beaten in the Derby—or I run with him into the first turn and keep Federal Hill on my outside at all times. Ordinarily, I hate to go running after any sprinter, but Mr. Fitz and I talked the whole thing over and we both agree that the only thing I do this time is to run for it all the way and make the other horses come get you."

The considerable public sentiment in favor of Fitzsimmons and the colt he trains was demonstrated before the race in two ways—by the fact that until just before the race Bold Ruler was preferred in the betting over his Louisville conqueror, Iron Liege, and by the spontaneous wave of cheers which greeted the old man when he crossed the track on his way to the paddock. When he got there, he was concealing a couple of surprises up his sleeve.

FULL SLEEVES

First, as a precaution against a tendency to run out on the turns, he equipped Bold Ruler with a special set of blinkers, actually half cups with a slit in the back of each blinker. "Blinkers may stop him from running out," predicted Arcaro, "but I'm not sure they are so good for a horse with his special temperament. He loves to be challenged when he's in front, and just when another horse comes up and heads him he'll get going again. But when your horse is wearing blinkers you're never too sure of whether or not he sees his opposition coming. The danger is obvious: a horse could get to him—and by him—before he became aware that he really had to start running again. Mr. Fitz's blinkers for him are probably about right, though, and he'll be able to see just enough behind him to know if he's in trouble or not."

The other Fitzsimmons precaution was an innovation designed to alleviate some of the pressure on Bold Ruler's extremely tender and sensitive mouth. Acting on the theory that much of the colt's rankness stemmed from an understandable dislike of having Arcaro wrestle against a tender mouth, a light string was used to tie Bold Ruler's bit down to the lower part of the jaw. "What it meant," explained Arcaro afterward, "was that there was more pull on his jaw and less on his mouth."

ARCARO DEMONSTRATES HOW NEW-STYLE BIT PROTECTED BOLD RULER'S TENDER MOUTH

The race itself—although run exactly the way Arcaro and Mr. Fitz had predicted it would be and with the full cooperation of a Bold Ruler who wanted to run and who was allowed to run—was nonetheless dramatically exciting until, with only an eighth of a mile to go, it became apparent that nobody could overhaul Bold Ruler. From the gate it was Federal Hill and Bold Ruler sprinting down past the stands together and into the first turn after a lickety-split :23 first quarter. Iron Liege lay back a comfortable two lengths off Federal Hill and the excitement up the backstretch was not so much in the wondering about whether or not the pace-setters would kill each other off (Bold Ruler covered the first half mile in :46 2/5 and the three quarters in 1:10 3/5) as it was in the speculation as to when Iron Liege would make his move and how effective it would be. Hartack, too, had this on his clever mind and at the three-eighths pole he decided it was time to pull out all stops. By now Federal Hill was finished, spent and falling back, but when Willie went to work on the Derby champion nothing happened. "I had a clear shot at him, but when I asked my horse to move he had nothing to give me. I can't explain it, but I felt at all times in this one that Bold Ruler had me over a barrel and there was nothing I could do about it."

With the Iron Liege threat over with, Bold Ruler had a comparatively easy trip the rest of the way. He covered the mile in 1:36 3/5 and made it to the wire in 1:56 1/5 (good time for the mile and three sixteenths, but almost two seconds slower than Nashua's track mark of 1:54 3/5 set in the 1955 Preakness just a few weeks after he too had been upset in the Kentucky Derby). Iron Liege, as a matter of fact, had trouble salvaging second place, and to do it he had to win a photo decision from the 54-to-1-shot Inside Tract. Behind them came Promised Land, Nah Hiss, Inswept and, finally, Federal Hill.

The buildup to any major race is, of course, always exciting, but it was doubly so before last week's 81st Preakness because it brought together not only the two best 3-year-olds in training but also in figures like Fitzsimmons, Arcaro, Jimmy Jones and Willie Hartack the dominating names of a season which grows more interesting with each passing week. The buildup churned into high gear the morning before the race when Trainer Jones, tired from a predawn commute down from Garden State Park, rolled his Cadillac up to the barn in the Pimlico stable area. Iron Liege, Bold Ruler and Federal Hill were all quartered in Barn J, and now, as Jimmy Jones walked slowly toward Iron Liege's stall, he suddenly became the target for a dozen or more reporters and other curious visitors who descended on him like a wave of kids who have just spied the Good Humor man. Jones looked about him for an

continued

EDDIE ARCARO AND SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS IN PRERACE CONCLAVE WHICH WAS TO DETERMINE THEIR PREAKNESS WINNING TACTICS

RULER RESTORED

continued

instant. Bold Ruler was being walked under the shed by Exercise Boy Tommy Quinn. As they passed Iron Liege's stall the Derby champion looked out with an air of almost bored indifference. Bold Ruler played his part even better; he didn't even look at the champion. Jones, his face lined and showing the strain of hard work, smiled faintly. He spotted Mr. Fitzsimmons leaning against the other side of the barn and started over. "Jimmy," a man said to him, "how do you think the Preakness will be run tomorrow?" Jones stopped and took another knowing look at Bold Ruler, who was just passing Federal Hill's stall. Jones's expert eyes were studying Bold Ruler thoroughly. "How do I think it will be run?" he replied with a start. "I know how it'll be run. It'll be run like hell—that's how."

Mr. Fitz and Eddie Arcaro also knew that the Preakness would be run like hell. They knew it because they intended all along—assuming Bold Ruler would be ready and willing to run from the gate and just keep on running. "I've learned enough in four years about trying to manage any of those Nasrullahs," said Arcaro. "I went through enough with Nashua—trying to manage him—and now this sucker is the same way. I really figure it was my riding and nothing else that lost him the Kentucky Derby. I fought him and discouraged him and finally he gave up. There's only one way to ride Bold Ruler: let him go and do it his own way. Everyone knows the Nasrullahs have a lot of run in them. I don't think there's a horse in the country that can get the jump on Bold Ruler if I really want to bang him out of that gate. He likes to be in front. And if he likes it, that's where we're going to be and I don't think we'll have to be scared of Federal Hill or Iron Liege or any of the rest of them."

The Preakness result naturally puts Bold Ruler back at the top of the 3-year-old list until at least the June 15 mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes, where he may not only get to run against Iron Liege again, but quite likely that other potential Calumet star, Barbizon, as well. It would seem unlikely that Gen. Duke (who Hartack thinks would have won the Preakness hands down) will have sufficient time to overcome his foot injury and train up to the Belmont in time, but there are always a few distance runners lying in wait in New York to greet the Derby and Preakness champions, and this year will be no exception. But, as Eddie Arcaro pulled away from Pimlico Saturday evening in the company of his long-standing buddies Toots Shor and Don Ameche, there was already a new confidence written across the famous Arcaro face. "I said all along that Bold Ruler was the best 3-year-old around," he remarked. "I'm as sure now as I ever was." A vaguely distant look came over the Master's features. "In fact," he added, "I'd just love one thing now. I'd like to ride that Kentucky Derby over again. I really would." (END)

IT'S OVER! VICTORIOUS ARCARO GLANCES BACK AT IRON LIEGE (CENTER) AND FAST-CLOSING INSIDE TRACT

CONGRATULATIONS: FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. NIXON TO MRS. H. C. PHIPPS AND HER TRAINER, FROM HARTACK TO ARCARO

IS
YOUR WIFE
A GOLFER
TOO?

If she is and you want to do her a favor, tell her about Titleist.

Tell her how it can improve her game. Tell her about its marvelous click and feel; its perfect uniformity.

And you might mention distance, too. She needs distance as much as you do.

But you'd better suggest that she ask your pro which Titleist is best for her particular game. He knows what's best for her.

And while you're at it, tell her to ask him about Acushnet putters, gloves and head covers.

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Sold the World Over Through Golf Course Pro Shops Only

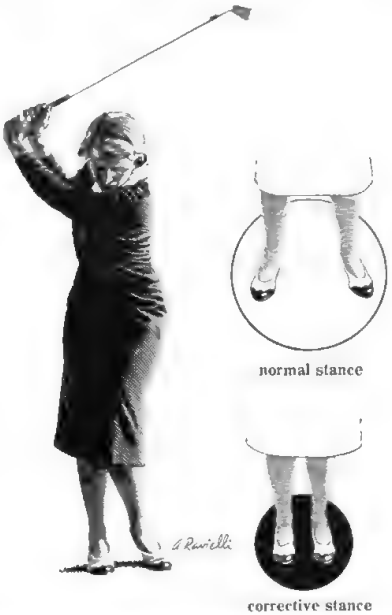
TIP FROM THE TOP

For golfers of all degrees of skill

from **BETTY JAMESON,** *San Antonio C.C., Texas*

In any game in which a person strikes a ball, a player is bound to experience hot stretches where his timing is so right he just can't miss, and to experience other stretches where nothing he does is right, no matter how intensively he concentrates. Part of the skill of being a consistently good golfer is a player's ability to do something definite and constructive when he or she falls into a slump instead of simply persevering gamely but to no true purpose.

To my way of thinking, the best of all remedies for recovering your timing (and your swing) is this: go out and practice with your feet set only two or three inches apart. This exaggerated narrow stance has the effect of making you use the correct elements for shotmaking: simplified correct footwork, simplified correct movements of the hands, arms and shoulders. You have to swing the club, you cannot substitute raw force for coordinated movement. As a result, a player stops straining with the improper elements and begins to recover almost immediately a proper sense of the golf swing and a proper sense of timing. I know of no other means of getting back into the swing of things that is comparably effective.



NEXT WEEK: DENNY LAVENDER ON THE HANDS AHEAD

DON HOAK—THEN AND NOW

A .215 hitter who couldn't lift the Cubs out of last place has sparked the Redlegs to the top of the National League

by ROY TERRELL

FOR THOSE who persist in the blind conviction that Ted Williams and Stan Musial are the best hitters in baseball and that Mickey Mantle and Henry Aaron await only the passage of time before ascending the throne, it is suggested that they read the fine type in the sports pages of their daily newspapers. Figures do not lie—in baseball, they wouldn't dare—and there in the batting averages last week, for all the world to see, was incontrovertible proof that Williams and Musial were over the hill and that Mantle and Aaron were simply flashes in the pan. The best hitters in baseball were Reno Bertoia, the druggist's friend from St. Vito, Italy (*see* HIGHLIGHT), and Donald Albert Hoak, a retired trumpet player from Roulette, Pa.

This does not necessarily signify the end of baseball. For one thing, 20 games do not a season make, and there is still a long way to go. For another, Bertoia is only 22 years old and was once deemed worthy of a $25,000 bonus by the Detroit Tigers and someday really could become one of baseball's better hitters, with or without the benefit of Equanil. Stranger things have happened. But it is a little harder to explain this business of Don Hoak.

Hoak is 29 years old and has been playing baseball professionally since 1947, yet never has he hit over .295. His lifetime major league average is some 65 points below that. Of even more consequence, while Mantle and Williams were finishing one-two last year in the American League batting race and Aaron was leading the National, Don Hoak was making his mark by finishing dead last. Of all the players who officially qualified for the honor, Hoak and his .215 brought up the rear. This means that he was even worse than Willie Miranda, and in the big leagues you do not sink below this and still hope to stick around.

Yet after three weeks of the 1957 season Don Hoak was hitting .115, and a week later, after the first full month of play, he was still leading the National League at .388. And, what is more important, he was also right near the top of the column headed runs batted in. With Ted Kluszewski off flexing his muscles for the edification of the medical fraternity rather than the terrorization of opposing pitchers, with the other big Cincinnati sluggers, Wally Post and Gus Bell, at something less than peak form, Hoak had personally taken up the slack. He was swinging the big bat which sent the Redlegs off to their 12-game winning streak and to the top of the National League.

Most of baseball observed this miracle with the same air of puzzled wonderment which settled over Hoak's old teammates on the Chicago Cubs. "Are you sure," they asked, "that it's the *same* Don Hoak?" When told that apparently it must be, the Cubs, like everyone else, wanted to know what in the world had happened.

STRAIGHTEN UP AND SWING RIGHT

According to Hoak, it was fairly simple. The formula goes something like this: First, assume a stance in the near-geometric center of the batter's box. Then spread your feet as far apart as possible without falling over, crouch slightly and at the same time bend forward from the waist. Immediately abandon this position and move as far toward the back, inside corner of the box as you can get without stepping on the catcher's toes or obscuring the umpire's view of the game. Place your feet close together, stand up straight and relax. Then, when a baseball comes by, hit it. This may not work for you, but it has done wonders for Don Hoak.

If the new batting stance has made Hoak a celebrity as a hitter, the old one earned for him a certain renown, too. When dug in at the plate, Hoak appeared capable of standing staunch before a hurricane—as long as it blew from the direction of the mound. "He looked," once wrote Dick Young of the

continued

BEFORE AND AFTER: Too tight using old wide pread, crouching stance, above, Hoak stood up, moved back, began to hit.

A NEW GOLF BALL

It won't correct your slice or hook, or keep out of the woods. But tests prove if you hit the new 1957 Les Strokes down the middle, it delivers the all-out performance every golfer wants.

It features an extra-large *hydrostatic action* liquid center. This is uniformly wound with one continuous thread by Worthington's exclusive *dyna-tension* process. Only the finest pure rubber, specially-treated thread is used. The result? The most perfect core yet developed for a golf ball, delivering increased hydraulic power for distance, retained compression and "life", perfect balance for accurate flight and roll.

And all the Les Strokes' live-action features are now *sealed-in* by a double coat of white-white sealing paint. Whenever you buy it, a Les Strokes is as lively, as sparkling white, as ready for championship play as the day it was made. And it *stays* that way through many more holes of golf!

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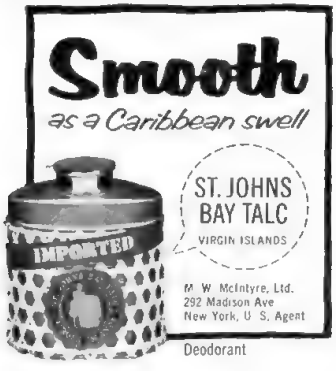

HOAK—THEN AND NOW

continued

New York Daily News, "like the Holland Tunnel with a bat in its hands."

"I started hitting that way at Fort Worth in 1950," Don says. "I was having a lot of trouble hitting the high fast ball so I decided to crouch. You notice how a lot of good fast-ball hitters crouch—Lopata, McDougald, Banks. So I did, too, and it helped.

"A couple of years ago, when I was with the Dodgers, Alston and I fooled around with changing my stance, but I never did feel just right, so I went back to hitting the same old way.

"I was all locked up. Too tight. And I was swinging too hard. I'm not a home-run hitter and I know it, but Ebbets Field will do that to a guy; you always think you can hit one into those seats. Reese used to tell me I was swinging too hard. So would Hodges. And Birdie has told me that he used to notice it all the time.

"So this spring when I reported to the Reds down at Tampa, Tebbetts called me in and he said, 'You know you can't play in the majors, Don, and hit .215.' I told him nobody knew it better than I did. He said, 'Do you want to work on changing your stance? It might help.' And I told him anything he wanted to try was O.K. with me. So he had me start hitting this way and here I am."

At first Hoak had trouble finding the strike zone. He was comfortable in the new position, but he was so close to the plate, his elbows, in fact, extending out over it, that every pitch looked like it was going to knock him down. And then, even after he became accustomed to that, Don discovered he had lost quite a bit of his power.

"I told Birdie and he just grinned. He knew I really hadn't lost any power, it was just that I couldn't swing as hard this way. He told me right at first: 'You hit 15 or 20 home runs on this ball club and you're nobody. We've got guys that hit 35 or 40. You cut down on that swing and just worry about meeting the ball.' "

THEY COULDN'T GET HIM OUT

Just meeting the ball, Hoak hit .416 in spring training. On opening day, he hit two doubles. As the Reds struggled through those disastrous first two weeks when they lost six games to Milwaukee, Hoak was about the only member of the club who did keep on hitting. And then the Reds began to win. On May 2, exactly a year from the day Don had set a National League record in futility by striking out six times in one game, he drove in five runs against the Giants, including the two winning runs in the ninth inning, with three singles and a home run. Against the Dodgers on May 8, he hit a grand-slam home run off Don Newcombe to win another game. And on May 12, in Chicago, he beat the Cubs in the first game of a double-header with a late-inning single.

"I'm lucky and I know it," he says now, "but somehow I'm hitting the pitches that used to get me out. The good fast-ball pitchers—Antonelli, Buhl, Newcombe, Simmons, Roberts—always used to get me out. Last year I went 0 for 12 against Newk. The other night I hit that home run off

HIGHLIGHT . . . AND HIGH LIFE

IN FLORIDA this spring, Reno Bertoia, Detroit's young bonus infielder, seemed nervous. He was awkward in the field and harmless at the plate. It looked as if the jittery Reno was doomed to the minors. Mel Ott, the onetime New York Giant right fielder, who now broadcasts the Tiger games, noticed all this and suggested to Jack Homel, Tiger trainer, that Bertoia be given a tranquilizer pill to ease his tension before a game. Ott himself had never needed tranquilizers during his days as the National League's alltime home run king, but he had turned to them when he found himself tensing up before his broadcasts. Bertoia, with nothing to lose, agreed to the experiment, and the results were astounding. He started hitting furiously and fielding gracefully. When Detroit moved into New York for a series with the Yankees, Reno Bertoia and his pills were leading the league with an extraordinarily healthy batting average of .398.

Several other American Leaguers might well take a leaf from Bertoia's medical book. Last week Ted Williams and Mickey Mantle were each fined $25 for flinging their bats after striking out, in contravention of a league rule protecting spectators. Some other Yankees might benefit too. A few of them—Mantle (again), Hank Bauer, Johnny Kucks, Yogi Berra and Whitey Ford—celebrated Billy Martin's birthday by going a few extra innings at the Copacabana, a flashy Manhattan late spot, and wound up in an early-morning brawl. It seemed they needed their pills *after* the game.

On the evening following the Copa fracas, the Yankees were taking batting practice prior to a game with Kansas City.

him. Anyway, it sure feels good. I just hope it lasts."

Don Hoak is tall and slender, 6 feet 1 inch in height, and he weighs about 179 pounds. He has close-cropped red hair and green eyes and an oft-broken nose and, when he is very determined about something, he looks like nothing so much as a slightly angry hawk. Throughout most of his baseball career he has usually looked like a slightly angry hawk. Determination is just another name for Don Hoak.

He was born and grew up and still lives in Roulette, a northern Pennsylvania town of some 1,100 habitants, and in high school he played baseball, football and the trumpet. He used to pick up a little money playing in a dance band, but there was never much doubt that baseball was what mattered most. He went into the Marine Corps when he was 17 and still in high school; in 1947, when he got out, he went to work playing baseball.

If Hoak wasn't a great hitter, he had certain other talents which sustained him and kept him moving up toward the big leagues, through places like Valdosta, Ga. and Nashua, N.H. and Greenville, S.C., through Fort Worth (where he was married one August night in 1950 at home plate) and St. Paul and Montreal (where President Shag Shaughnessy called him "the best third baseman in the International League in 10 years"). He could run like a rabbit, he had an exceptionally fine arm and his defensive excellence was unquestioned. And Hoak always wanted to win—sometimes, it seemed, too much. He was thrown out of ball

continued

From the Kansas City dugout a thick-tongued voice pierced the cool evening air. "Heppy birthday to yoo, heppy birthday to yoo," it sang. The prankster was Billy Hunter, an ex-Yankee. Said another K.C. player, "When I saw that some Yankees were involved in a night club brawl, I could name three of them without reading any further."

Most of the revelers were benched for the game, which was won by the Yanks' "9 o'clock" ballplayers, 3-0. Bob Turley substituted for Ford and pitched the shutout, aided by a triple play.

There were soon rumors that Billy Martin, who, it has long been suggested, exerts an unhappy influence over Mickey Mantle, would be traded. Then the rumors were denied. But it looked as if the Yankee front office was displeased with the volatile Martin and was looking for a calmer, steadier infielder. Someone like Reno Bertoia, perhaps. W.B.

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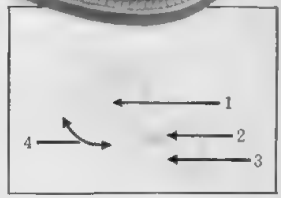

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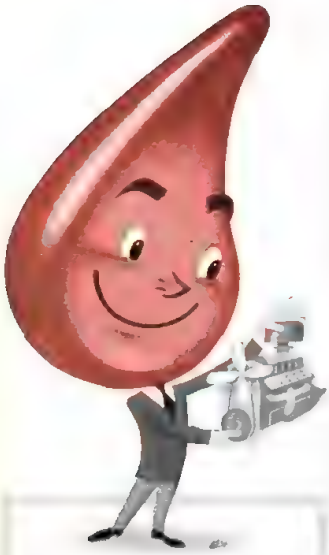

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HOAK—THEN AND NOW

continued

games, fined for too-strenuous arguments with umpires and had half a dozen fights. "I don't think I've had any more trouble than most guys," he says, but he will admit that "sometimes during a game you get a little excited."

He was knocked down by pitches so often in his first year that one day he went to his manager at Valdosta, a man named Hugh Holliday, and asked him how come.

"I don't know exactly, Don," said Holliday, "but if I was pitching against you, I'd do the same thing. You just look like a guy that you'd want to knock down."

It didn't really bother Hoak. He was just curious.

When he came up to the Dodgers in 1954, there was little doubt that he was a major league third baseman. The only trouble was the Dodgers already had two major league third basemen named Billy Cox and Jackie Robinson, and Hoak had to wait for them to wear out. In fact, before Robinson wore out, Hoak was gone to Chicago in a trade for Randy Jackson, who had more power and was supposed to grow fat on the friendly left-field stands at Ebbets Field. Hoak, upon leaving the best team in the National League to become a member of the worst, was overjoyed. "I may not have been able to make the Dodgers," he said, "but I can play every day for the Cubs."

He did—or almost every day—and he hit .215.

The winter of 1956 57 was a time of decision for Hoak. The summer before he was nagged almost constantly by sharply recurring headaches. "Sometimes I couldn't sleep for two, three nights," he says. "I thought it was a pinched nerve. I didn't know what it was." Last winter he found out. During a four-hour operation to patch up Hoak's nose, surgeons extracted 26 pieces of bone splinter and cartilage from around the sinus, eye and nose area. The headaches cleared up.

When he heard that he had been traded to the Redlegs, Hoak knew as well as anyone exactly why Cincinnati wanted him. They didn't need a hitter at third base, because the Reds had plenty of hitters, so many in fact that some of them spilled over onto the bench. What the Reds needed was another slick-fielding third baseman like the one they had, Alex Grammas, so that Tebbetts could play Grammas for a while, lift him for a pinch hitter like George Crowe or Smoky Burgess or Bob Thurman and then play Hoak, for example, who in the ninth could be lifted, too, for another pinch hitter.

"I was about ready to quit," says Don. "I went to Gabe Paul [the Cincinnati general manager] and I told him I'd give it a try, but if I didn't do much better, if I couldn't help the ball club, I was going to quit. I told him then and I still feel the same way: I'll never become a baseball bum."

As it has turned out, neither Grammas nor the pinch hitters, at least so far as Hoak is concerned, have had much to do. And now, although no one expects him to continue hitting the way he has, Hoak has won a job.

"He's riding a hot streak," says Tebbetts. "Right now he's got a hot hand. But you've got to remember he looked good when we were losing, too. That's the mark of a ballplayer. Along with his hitting, he's helped our defense. We need him both ways."

Says Coach Jimmy Dykes: "A wonderful ballplayer. He can get that ball. He's taken a big load off Roy McMillan's shoulders. It lets Mac concentrate on the double play."

ALL HIS DREAMS COME TRUE

As for Hoak, he is living in something of a dream world which used to pass close by but never came quite close enough to touch. Radio and television are after him in every city the Redlegs reach, and the newsmen, who used to avoid him like the plague ("Sometimes I didn't talk to one for weeks"), now make his waking hours pleasantly miserable with interviews. He has had a cold since the season began and a sore muscle in his leg bothers him at times, but Hoak can honestly say, compared with all the good things that have been happening to him, that these are nothing.

He considers Tebbetts "the greatest baseball man I've ever seen. His theories are all sound," says Hoak, "and you never feel any pressure when you play for Birdie." He knows that the Cincinnati infield, which, with Hoak at third base, is perhaps the best in baseball, would still likely be the best in baseball even without Hoak—just as long as his roommate, Johnny Temple, plays second and the magical McMillan is at short. He also knows he is no .415 hitter.

"I'm not a .215 hitter either, though," he will tell you. "In fact, I don't really know what kind of a hitter I am. I do know that this ball club can win the pennant. If I can hit a good hard .270 and help win the pennant, that's all I'll ever ask." END

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BASEBALL X-RAY

BOBBY THOMSON

Braves' outfielder and 1951 Giant hero was NL's worst batter, with .156 average.

LARRY DOBY

White Sox veteran slugger paced team in hitting for week with robust .421 mark.

RUBEN GOMEZ

Giants' right-handed hurler won two games during week to lead NL with 6-1 record.

WALT MORYN

Cub outfielder's .271 batting mark was good enough to lead weak-hitting club.

AL PILARCIK

Orioles' young outfielder hit at .438 clip to lead team in batting for week.

BROOKS LAWRENCE

Redlegs' biggest winner in 1956 beat Phils to lead team's pitchers with 4-1.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (5 12 - 5 18)			Season	Homers Week
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	4-0	1 000	17-7	6
Cleveland	5 1	833	17 9	3
Detroit	4 2	667	15-14	7
New York	3-2	600	16 10	4
Boston	3 5	375	15 14	4
Kansas City	2 4	333	13-16	5
Washington	2 5	286	7 23	4
Balt more	0 4	000	9-16	5
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Brooklyn	3 1	750	15 10	3
Cincinnati	5 2	714	19 9	8
Milwaukee	4 2	667	18-9	6
Pittsburgh	3 2	600	8 19	5
Philadelphia	4 3	571	16-12	6
New York	2 4	333	12-17	5
St. Louis	2 5	286	13 14	5
Chicago	0 4	000	7 18	5

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting Week		Batting Season		Homers Season		Pitching Season	
Doby	.421	Fox	.358	2 tied with 4	Pierce	5-2		
Colavito	.480	Wood ling	.361	Maris	5	Wynn	4-3	
Bertoia	.409	Bertoia	.371	Bolling	5	Maas	5-1	
Mantle	.500	Mantle	.345	Mantle	6	Grim	4-2	
Gernert	.375	Williams	.385	Williams	9	Brewer	5-2	
DeMaestri	.438	DeMaestri	371	Zernial	6	Trucks	5-0	
Plews	.429	Sievers	.322	Sievers	8	Ramos	2-2	
Pilarcik	.438	Triandos	.333	2 tied with 3	Zuverink	2 0		
2 tied with	.357	Cimoli	318	2 tied with 5	Labine	3 0		
Robinson	.406	Robinson	.381	2 tied with 6	Lawrence	4-1		
Aaron	.417	Aaron	.378	Aaron	11	Burdette	5-2	
Thomas	.500	Groat	.352	Thomas	4	Friend	3-3	
Hamner	.419	Hamner	.367	2 tied with 4	Sanford	4-1		
Schoendienst	.379	2 tied with	.321	Sauer	7	Gomez	6-1	
Moon	.357	Musial	.354	Moon	8	Jackson	4-1	
Walls	.375	Moryn	.271	2 tied with 4	Drott	2-4		

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 18)	BEST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Williams, Bos .385	Graff, KC .149
Batting (NL)	Robinson, Cin .381	Thomson, Mil .156
Home run hitters (AL)	Williams, Bos 9 (1 per 10 AB)	Malzone, Bos 0 (123 AB)
Home run hitters (NL)	Aaron, Mil 11 (1 per 10 AB)	Ashburn, Phil 0 (123 AB)
Pitching (AL)	Trucks, KC 5-0	Stobbs, Wash 0-7
Pitching (NL)	Gomez, NY 6-1	Kline, Pitt 0-4 Rush, Chi 0-4
ERA (AL)	Wilson, Chi 1.05	Stobbs, Wash 7 34
ERA (NL)	Jackson, St. L 0.72	Drabowsky, Chi 7 67
Complete games (AL)	Morgan, KC 4 (in 6 starts)	Lemon, Clev 0 (in 7 starts)
Complete games (NL)	Roberts, Phil 5 Gomez NY 5 (in 7 starts)	Barclay, NY 0 Kline, Pitt 0 (in 6 starts)
Team HR (AL)	Kansas City 31	Washington 13
Team HR (NL)	Milwaukee 33	Pittsburgh 16
Team runs (AL)	Kansas City 128	New York 97
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 167	Pittsburgh 98
Team hits (AL)	Detroit 263	Chicago 197
Team hits (NL)	Cincinnati 290	Chicago 202

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Sievers, Wash (.322)	22	18	40
Wertz, Clev (.344)	18	16	34
Simpson, KC (.333)	16	16	32
Minoso, Chi (.305)	18	14	32
Williams, Bos (.385)	21	10	31
Tuttle, Det (.269)	15	16	31
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Aaron, Mil (.378)	31	18	49
Robinson, Cin (.381)	24	18	42
Jones, Phil (.275)	20	17	37
Post, Cin (.274)	21	15	36
Hoak, Cin (.358)	17	19	36

THE ROOKIES

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Richardson, NY .353	Bowman, Phil .311
Home runs	Maris, Clev 5	Bouchee, Phil 4 Neeman, Chi 4
RBIs	Maris Clev 17	Bouchee, Phil 15
Pitching	Lee, Det 1 2 Hyde, Wash 1 2	Sanford, Phil 4 1

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ONE TOWN'S SECRET

How can we make American youth physically fit? Ike didn't know, the country didn't know, but little Newtown, Conn. had the answer all along

by DOROTHY STULL

WITH SCHOOL IN THE BACKGROUND, BOYS OF NEWTOWN HIGH START

SOME PEOPLE might think that Newtown, Conn. (pop. 8,700) is old-fashioned. For one thing, motorists are forced to maneuver around a flagpole that sprouts unexpectedly from the center of the main street. The flag was placed there in pre-horseless-carriage days to celebrate America's 100th birthday, and no one would think of moving it just because it has become a traffic hazard. Another old-fashioned practice in Newtown is to raise strong and healthy children. Nobody there understands the national cry that most U.S. youngsters are delinquent slouches without properly developed muscles. Newtown's young people aren't like that. Every youngster there is physically active, a situation that is usually associated with an earlier American era.

Of all the U.S. public schools given the Kraus-Weber test of a minimum muscular fitness, Newtown High School has the highest score. Only 11.8% of the students failed as compared with the 57.9% failure of Americans tested generally and 8.7% of Europeans—the ratio that caused so much alarm in the well-known Kraus-Prudden report of 1955 (SI, Aug. 15, 1955). Schools in other cities were proud to beat the original 57.9% score. Pittsburgh reported a 42.9% failure and Omaha boasted of 24%, but none has done better than the 362-pupil Newtown High. What is the explanation? Is there something special about the Newtown child? Is fitness inherent there? Or does Newtown High have a secret method?

Newtown does have a secret, and it's a simple one at that. The modern notion that you have to spend lots of money for fancy equipment and extra personnel has nothing to do with Newtown's method. It comes down to an old-fashioned idea: the character of a man. The man is Coach Harold S. DeGroat, and he believes that to enjoy life you have to live it vigorously. This, he feels, requires a body as well as a mind kept in good shape through energetic use. This philosophy has led him to insist on a minimum of an hour of physical education per day per pupil and the inclusion of calisthenics—which discipline as well as condition the body—during some part of that hour.

Today it is fashionable among many physical educators to denounce calisthenics as "foreign" and inimical to our democratic tradition of team sports. The amount of time allotted for physical education classes has been permitted in some cases to drop as low as one hour per week. DeGroat goes on the theory that it takes time and hard work to build bodies, and it cannot be accomplished merely with entertaining games.

In reaffirming this old truth, DeGroat paradoxically emerges among his professional colleagues as a downright revolutionary, in the company of such suspiciously nonprofessional and maddeningly successful fitness experts as Bonnie Prudden.

DeGroat's hour-a-day minimum exercise theory has grown out of 43 years in the field, beginning with his training at the fount of physical education, Springfield College, Springfield, Mass. Before he accepted his post at Newtown 13 years ago, he stipulated that the daily hour was a condition of his taking the job. Today this firm position is still supported by Superintendent of Schools Carl A. LeGrow and Principal James F. Hinckley. His conviction is statis-

ON A HALF MILE CROSS COUNTRY RUN THAT TAKES THEM DOWN A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY LANE—THE CLIMAX TO THE MORNING'S WORKOUT

tically corroborated by a study done at Indiana University by the late Dr. Frank Stafford, which shows that youngsters in the Indiana public school system who got daily exercise did much better on motor fitness tests than those who had less than an hour per day.

A DAILY SIZZLE

DeGroat said recently: "I've always felt that if you need a daily program in English, you need one in physical education to keep your body strong and learn to get along with people. You don't get those qualities in an English class. Gym and field work are just like chemistry: you can warm kids up and make 'em sizzle. That's how they learn to control their emotions. They learn leadership and followership, which are both invaluable."

"When I first came here," he continued, "the kids were like a bunch of crows; all they wanted to do was sit down." Underlining the difference now, he let out the delighted whoop he uses for a laugh and pointed to a large poster on the gym wall: "While Young We Build Strength of Body, Agility, Endurance, Good Grooming. These Objectives Cannot Be Attained by Sitting. They Require ACTION!"

And action is what DeGroat has given them. In the school's modern two-in-one gym, 90 by 65 feet, which can be divided into separate gyms for boys and for girls or thrown open into one mammoth room, the coach and pretty Miss Ann Anderson, who teaches the girls, lead their charges at a pace that would tire a Marine. A typical class starts with 10 or 15 minutes of vigorous calisthenics followed by drills to increase skills in soccer, basketball, baseball and badminton. Some of the boys who are track enthusiasts finish up with a half-mile cross-country run, others are finally allowed a few minutes of actual game play. One boy remarked feelingly after class: "It digs your guts out"; but he was the same boy who proudly demonstrated push-ups to the rest of the class because he did them better than anyone else. "If it hurts a little, forget about it," DeGroat says casually. And the amazing thing in this comfort-loving age is the children's response to this Spartan attitude.

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ONE TOWN'S SECRET

continued

They idolize DeGroat and Miss "Andy," and each youngster works hard to increase his proficiency. The competition is primarily with themselves, to better their own scores, and a triumphant "I couldn't do that last year" is a common cry in the gym and on the field. One student who had transferred from another school said: "Gee, this is so different here. I'm crazy about this. I couldn't even call what they had at the other school a physical education program. We had classes about once or twice a week, and we didn't learn much."

The children's enthusiasm for DeGroat and his program is shared by the adults in Newtown. They flock to admire his work every spring at the annual gym show his students put on, and he holds a place as a beloved and well-known member of the community enjoyed by few men in his position. Everywhere he goes he is greeted affectionately. A valued member of the Rotary Club, his opinions on the town's welfare are eagerly sought and respectfully considered. This is quite an achievement in a Connecticut Yankee town where you're a stranger unless born there.

In his capacity as town recreation director he is always on the go to see that school facilities aren't used only during school hours. In the summer he arranges for buses to pick up children at their homes and bring them to playgrounds and the new public swimming pool. In his rare hours at home he puts out a biweekly physical fitness newsletter garnished with pertinent quotes on everything from medical opinion on the necessity for exercise to Albert Schweitzer on the necessity for kindness.

COACH DEGROAT at work yells encouragement to flagging players on the school field.

Two months ago the Connecticut Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation gave him its top professional honor award. Although he was pleased, his main reaction was: "It's my 43rd year in teaching; I ought to know how." (END)

LIMBER GIRLS start the day's physical education hour with a 15-minute period of vigorous calisthenics in the girls' side of the divided two-in-one high school gymnasium.

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PART III: THE LADY AND THE TROUT

THE TYING OF THE FLIES

by JOHN McDONALD and DWIGHT A. WEBSTER

This is a detective story in antiquity. Dame Juliana Berners, the 15th century nun who left to fishermen the first description of a set of artificial trout flies, bequeathed also a fascinating problem: how, precisely, did she mean her flies to be tied? Her directions are deceptively simple: did she pick her feathers from wings or bodies of the birds she named? Is "dun" a fly or a color? Is a "tayle" a tail or a tail end? Are the flies' wings down or up? And so on. In offering their solutions, the authors are presenting the results of two years of research. They may be open to argument; if so, they welcome it. Here is their story.

THE PECULIARITY of angling, in particular of fly-fishing, for at least the past five centuries is that it has combined two different modes of experience: on the one hand, a joyous passion for the act of fishing which endures from youth to old age and recurrently rises to make every spring the spring of life and, on the other, tradition. Passion and tradition make the art.

The historical dimension in fly-fishing separates us less from the past than that dimension usually does in other sports. Why this is so (and why angling has the vastest and greatest literature of all sports) is an intriguing question, beyond the scope of this essay. We note only this, that the hook has been constant since the late Stone Age, and the trout fly, the dainty and delectable heart of the game, goes back at least to ancient Rome and has changed little structurally since Berners, except only that hers are wet flies, and the master craftsmen of the art in the late 19th century conjured up a complementary one that would float. Having but one mandatory rule, the fly, from which everything else—the tackle, the art and the talk—follows, fly-fishers of all ages have had an identical subject—the rule of the game, so to speak—with infinite variations and possibilities for argument.

The trout fly, like other expressions of culture, is subject to a constant pull between classicism and innovation. In recorded history the score is even: three dominantly classical centuries, the 15th, 16th and 18th, and three innovating, the 17th, 19th and 20th. Berners has figured prominently in this alternation, of which we shall say more in a moment. But first, what of the centuries before Berners?

SHE, the first known true angling writer, speaks of having read others, now unknown. She speaks also of her flies as "the XII," and it is a fair inference from the article "the" that they were in some way established in practice in her time and that she got them from someone else. But where she got them no one presently knows. Fishing by spear, net, hook and line, and rod have been shown by William Radcliffe in his marvelous *Fishing From the Earliest Times* to be richly represented in antiquity, and writing about the subject begins almost with writing itself. But the record of the fly in the long measure of history is sparse. Before Berners, the artificial fly was mentioned possibly twice in literature, once for certain by Aelian in the third century A.D., and once, less certainly—depending on your scholar—by Martial about 200 years earlier.

Before Martial, fly-fishing is without record, and the 1,200 years from Aelian to Berners are the dark ages of the sport. Something went on but we don't know what until the fly turns up modern and almost complete in Berners' *Treatise*. The fly-fishers of antiquity had no influence in modern times, and Berners stands alone as the ancestress of the modern fly-fisher, fly dresser and angling writer. Since Berners, trout flies have been as profuse in literature as

they have been upon all the variegated waters of the earth.

But the curse of classicism was on her flies from the start. By classicism in trout flies we mean an authoritative rather than an innovative spirit, a set of established flies as opposed to the creation of new ones. Berners herself implies that hers are classic—that article "the"—at the time of writing, which in manuscript was in the early 15th century. After her book was printed in 1496, she and her 12 flies ruled the world of angling literature from the grave for 157 years; that is, down to Walton, during which the *Treatise* went through at least 16 editions.

The record of the rule of her flies is easy to follow. During the period beginning with Berners and ending with Walton only seven known angling books worthy of note appeared in the English language. All but one have long been well known to readers of angling literature.

Berners was first.

The second is the recently discovered *The Arte of Angling* (1577) by an anonymous author, from whom Walton seems to have borrowed information on baits, keeping baits and the characters Viator (rechristened Venator in later editions) and Piscator. This long-lost and worthy writer mentions the trout and the fly only once and then surreptitiously: ". . . I dare not well deal in the angling of the trout, for displeasing of one of our wardens, which either is counted the best trouter in England, or so thinketh, who would not (as I suppose) have the taking of that fish common. But yet thus much I may say, that he worketh with a fly in a box." Another curious avoidance of trout flies occurs in an edition of Berners' *Treatise*, published in 1586 and reprinted in 1614 under the title *A Jewell for Gentrie*, which omits her fly list. Others, however, used it freely.

The third book on angling is Leonard Mascall's *A Booke of fishing with Hooke & Line*, published in 1590. Mascall pirates and edits Berners' 12 flies.

The fourth book is John Dennys' *Secrets of Angling*, an angling treatise in verse, published in 1613. Dennys treats of the trout but not of the fly; but the second edition of the poem, published in 1620, contains a remarkable observation, written by its felicitous editor, William Lawson, perhaps the only man to have been made famous by the writing of a single footnote.

Angle with a made fly, he says, and with a line of three hairs at least twice the length of your rod; counterfeit the May fly and change his color month by month from dark white to yellow. He gives a dressing, the first new trout-fly dressing after Berners—a period of 124 years—as follows: "The head is of black silk or haire, the wings of a feather of a mallart, teele, or pickled hen-wing. The body of Crewell according to the moneth for colour, and run about with a black haire; all fastned at the taile, with the thread that fastned the hooke you must fish in. . . ."

He then offers an illustration of a trout fly—the first in angling history—but we can't count on it. It is a monstrosity corresponding not to the dressing but to one that the engraver must have caught on his windowpane.

THE fifth book on angling is Gervase Markham's *A Discourse of the generall art of Fishing, with the Angle or otherwise*, which is part of his larger work, the *Second Book of the English Husbandman, and of The Pleasures of Princes*, published in 1614. In good part this book is a prose version of *Secrets of Angling*; its trout flies are Berners', pirated, with revisions and additions, from Mascall. The historian John Waller Hills (*A History of Fly Fishing for Trout*) is inclined to believe that the editing of Markham's flies is the work of Lawson, and that by his work Berners' flies were brought to perfection, "complete and unambiguous, neither of which they originally were." Hills's high opinion of this version of the flies accounts for some of the differences between his and the conception of the original flies presented here.

The sixth book on angling is Thomas Barker's *The Art of Angling* in 1651, the first to mention a reel and to say how to tie a fly. His fly dressings are generalized.

The seventh is *The Compleat Angler* in 1653. Walton does not mention Berners, though hers was the classic of the previous century and his work is modeled in part upon the literary structure she established. Walton seems not to have been much of a fly-fisher; he took Berners' flies from Mascall. But Part II of the fifth edition of *The Compleat Angler*, subtitled "Being Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream," written by his friend Charles Cotton and published in 1676, is a masterful specialized treatise on fly-fishing. Cotton published an original list of 65 flies with their dressings.

Three other works need to be mentioned here: *The Experienced Angler* by Robert Venables (1662), who, like Barker, gives generalized dressings; James Chetham's *The Angler's Vade Mecum* (1681); and Richard Franck's *Northern Memoirs* (written in 1658, published in 1694).

Thus from Berners through Walton, with the minor exceptions noted, the only flies in print are Berners' dozen. The revolution in fly-fishing, breaking this classicism-by-plagiary, was performed in the 1650s, '60s and '70s by Barker, Cotton and Venables.

continued

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Dwight A. Webster and John McDonald are both passionately dedicated fishermen and students of the literature of angling. In engaging themselves to bring to life Berners' trout flies for publication, they took on a venture never before attempted. At first they divided the work. McDonald, author-editor of *The Complete Fly Fisherman*, was to organize the research in the U.S. and England, and draft the story. Dr. Webster, professor of fishery biology at Cornell University, was to analyze the entomology, real and fanciful, and tie the flies, in all of which matters he is one of the nation's foremost experts. But, as often happens in a successful collaboration, before they got through exchanging drafts and talk, neither was able to say who had done what.

A few words about the classicism and the plagiary. A considerable stir was made last year upon the publication of the long-lost *The Arte of Angling* 1577, which revealed a number of Walton's unacknowledged borrowings. The editor of the new issue of that work, Gerald Eades Bentley, in a letter to us, observes that the present idea of plagiarism is a modern one. He says, "Well into the 18th century students were taught in school to paraphrase and repeat earlier writers. When names were cited it was not so much for the purpose of acknowledgment as to gain the weight of authority. Imitation of great predecessors was a virtue and it is sometimes very hard for us to see now where they drew the line between imitation (good) and mere compilation (bad)." Mr. Bentley also informs us that there was a copyright "law" in the form of a regulation enforced by stationers, but that it was applied not to authors but only to publishers.

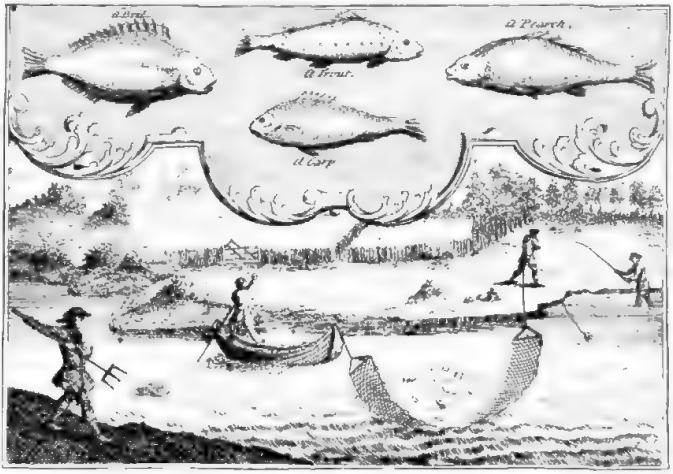
WALTON'S practice, however, was castigated in his own time by Richard Franck in the following celebrated (or notorious) passage: "|Walton| who lays the stress of his arguments on other men's Observations wherewith he stuffs the undigested octavo; so brings himself under the Angler's censure, and the common calamity of the plagiary, to be pitied (poor man!) for his loss of time in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey." Franck, a fine fisher, though a thick writer, long ago was excommunicated from the brotherhood by Waltonians ("this despised and muddling abortion . . ." said the scholars, Westwood and Satchell . But scholarship has given support to the substance of Franck's remarks, and old "honest Izaak" is defended today more as an idyllist and a personal stylist than as a creator of anything new in angling.

Classicism is another matter. So long as "the XII" ruled, the art of the fly scarcely moved. When their rule was broken, fly-fishing returned to first-hand imitation of nature, and the number and variety of flies bloomed. Barker and Venables introduced the idea of choosing flies for their relationship to weather and water. Fancy flies (flies imitative only of the generality of flies) came on, beginning with Cotton, and with him, too, fly-fishers entered the infinite in imitative fly dressings, where they have been ever since. Cotton fished fine and tied fine. For example, his fourth fly for March: "There is also for this month a fly called the Thorn-Tree Fly; the dubbing an absolute black, mixed with eight or 10 hairs of Isabella-coloured mohair; the body as little as can be made, and the wings of a bright mallard's feather. An admirable fly, and in great repute amongsts us for a killer."

This killer is a simple fly, as simple as a Berners' fly, except for the color of the mohair. Sir Harris Nicolas, who edited the most scholarly edition of *The Complete Angler*, explains the reference as follows: "Isabella" he says, is "a kind of whitish yellow, or, as some say, buff colour a little soiled." Soiled is the point. He explains:

A generation before Cotton, in the year 1602, the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, King of Spain, accompanied her husband the Archduke Albertus on a campaign. When he laid siege to Ostend, then held by heretics, she made a rash vow that she would not change her clothes until the city was taken. This happened to take three years. So Isabella's linen came to be the right color for the cavalier Cotton's trout fly.

The revolution steered by Cotton, Barker, Venables and, perhaps in some degree, Franck ended in the 17th century. The 18th, like the 15th and 16th, with one exception, Richard (1747 edition and Charles 1774 edition Bowlker's *The Art of Angling*, went classical again so far as flies are concerned, though it was a lively century in what it did to create the modern rod, reel, line and leader. Bowlker wrote off several of Berners' flies in *A Catalogue of Flies seldom found useful to fish with*, and created a new list which was promptly classicized for the second half of the 18th century. The 19th and 20th centuries returned to the creation of new flies. Isabella buff indeed. Observe the dressing specified for the body of the Green Drake by Alexander Mackintosh (*The Modern Angler or, Driffield Angler*, 1810): ". . . a little fine wool from the ram's testicles, which is a beautiful dusty yellow." And a dubbing for the Hendrickson Fly by our contemporary Art Flick (*Streamside Guide*, 1947),



THE SPORTING ANGLER *as he appeared in 1724 is shown at right among his profes*sional colleagues in this foldout from James Saunders' book, *The Compleat Fisherman.*

which calls for belly fur of the vixen fox stained a little pink with urine burns.

The real work of the 19th century, however, was in the creation of entomologies, the decisive shift to upstream fishing and the invention of the dry fly, which together formed the greatest revolution in fly-fishing history since the origin of the sport.

With the dry fly came a new brand of classicism, an effort led by Frederic Halford *Floating Flies and How to Dress Them*, 1886, and other works) to create a definitive "scientific" set of imitation flies. But no action without a reaction. G.E.M. Skues, a great angling writer of a generation ago, successfully attacked dry-fly purism and the new classicism with the weapons of the old wet fly and the new nymph, and a powerful creative spirit. In the United States at about the turn of the

century Theodore Gordon introduced the dry fly and altered forever after the then American weakness for imitating not our own natural flies but the established English artificials. The tension between classicism and innovation is still with us, and, doubtless, always will be. Today in the United States, Easteners, with their perennial Quill Gordons and Cahills, usually are more classical than Westerners, with their experiments in new types as well as patterns of flies.

But the issue between the schools is mild. Two emphatic innovators, Lee Wulff in the East and Dan Bailey in the West, who have given us a galaxy of new flies for our time—especially for fast rough water—may often be found fishing the old flies; and the traditionalist Sparse Grey Hackle ("angling is tradition"), who has given us eloquent idylls on old meadows, rods with feel and sympathetic if fishless streams, will try any new fly so long as it is a May Fly. And the collector C. Otto von Kienbusch recently demonstrated the inestimable value of his addiction *when he dug up from an English bookseller The Arte of Angling* (1577) and saw to its publication by the Princeton University Library, a truly remarkable event for the second book on angling to be first acknowledged and made available for reading after 380 years of oblivion.

IN the wars between classicists and anticlassicists in times past, poor Berners was sometimes held up as the bad example. Hewett Wheatley (*The Rod and Line*, 1849), a brilliant advocate of the fancy fly, "Water-Witches" and other new artificial baits, in the course of assailing all forms of classicism, said of Berners: "That the 'Jury of a dozen flies,' written about by our ancestors, may have condemned a few fins to death, I cannot dispute; but I believe they were mercifully pleased to acquit 49 out of every 50 that were arraigned before them. The moderns are not so merciful."

And Skues says, "The famous 12 flies for trout and grayling are described as if they were the laws of the Medes and Persians and altered *not*. . . ."

That Berners and her flies were classicized to the absolute limit for perhaps two centuries is clear from the evidence; but this must be remembered, that classicism is not the fault of the classic. It was an important moment for fly-fishers, deserving of her solemnity, when Berners wrote down the 12 dressings in the first treatise of the art.

continued

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BERNERS

continued

The great defense of Berners is Hills's history which traces 11 of the 12 down to the present. Our work in constructing these flies would have been more difficult but for Hills, though we are forced to disagree with him in some important respects.

So much for the historical setting. We turn now to the business at hand, which is the actual tying of Berners' trout flies. We present our argument (and travail) first as regards the general elements as they relate to all the flies, and then as regards each fly in particular.

The general elements:

STYLE. Berners tells us the ingredients but does not tell us how she tied the flies, nor does she give a hint as to their general appearance. There is no known description of the act of tying a fly until Barker, Cotton and Venables, and we have searched them and the other early writers for clues.

Markham, a little over a century away from the printing of the *Treatise*, said this about their style: "Now for the shapes, and proportions of these flies, it is impossible to describe them without paynting, therefore you shall take of these severall flies alive, and laying them before you, try how neere your Art can come unto nature by an equall shape, and mixture of colours."

The assumption that Berners' flies were modeled on nature is our clue to size, but this only shifts the difficulty to one of identifying the naturals represented by these artificials. In only two of her flies is there certainty, namely, the Stone Fly and the Wasp Fly; these are the same today and there is no reason not to take fish with them now on the Beaverkill or the Madison. The Dun Fly No. 1 could be either the February Red or the March Brown. The coloration of the Shell Fly makes it acceptable as a caddis; the Shell Fly and Grannom are identified by Alfred Ronalds in *The Fly-fisher's Entomology*, 1836. For the rest we know of nothing better to do than to present the often contradictory intuitions of Hills and Skues, two fly-fishers of one sensibility who spent their lives observing both English stream insects and their imitations. Our policy is to dress the fly to the size of a possible natural proposed by either or both of these masters.

It is not surprising that Berners does not give us a word picture of the appearance of her flies. Modern fly dressings do not usually specify style in this respect, and most professional fly tiers today are not particularly conscious that their "exact imitation" imitates no fly in hand but is a convincing impression of the fly on the water—as edible, say, as one of Cézanne's apples. We have concluded from her fur-and-feather materials that Berners' flies too are impressionistic, but that they were slightly rougher than modern flies; for her equipment was cruder, the professional was unknown and the flies were tied by hand. To some extent her style is fixed by reverse wings. The most noticeable difference from the modern style is dictated by the shape of the hooks illustrated in the *Treatise*. The shanks are so short and the bite of the hook so deep that the fly bodies must have extended well onto the bend.

The Berners' flies illustrated here vary in the "set" of the wings. This is partly intentional, partly chance, in the feathers used and random variations in the tying of each fly. We wished to avoid making a case for a uniform style.

TYING THREAD. Berners gives no directions. But in one instance, the Dun Cut, the wings are bound on with barked hemp, indicating that a dark effect was desired. A possible inference is that, unless, as in this case, something was done about it, tying off the fly ordinarily left a light or neutral effect. Venables says: "First, I begin to set on my Hook . . . with such coloured Silk as I conceive most proper for the Flie. . . ." Hence we suppose the rule for Berners was merely to pick a harmonious silk.

TAILS. Here the most obvious departure from most modern flies is in the absence of tails. The word "tail" is mentioned in two *Treatise* flies (Dun Fly No. 2 and Stone Fly) but each time as a reference point. In the Stone Fly, the reference is unmistakably to the insect; in the Dun Fly No. 2, the reference may mean part of the bird.

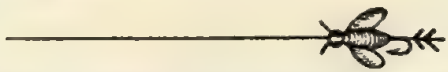
THE argument *for* tails is this: 1) The *Treatise* and later books counsel the fly maker to copy nature. Tails are conspicuous on many insects. 2) Venables specifically gives instruction on the point: "Let me add this only, that some Flies have forked tails, and some have horns, both which you must imitate with a slender hair fastened to the head or tail of your Flie . . . and in all things, as length, colour, as like the natural Flie as you can possibly." 3) Cotton dresses one of the *Treatise* flies (the Stone Fly) with tails. 4) The earliest illustration of a fly (*Secrets of Angling*) has a tail, although the text doesn't specifically ask for one.

The argument *against* tails is this: 1) No directions to this effect are specifically given, and if one construed tails to be implied, what material should be used? 2) Neither Mascall nor Markham adds tails in their several changes of the *Treatise* dressings. 3) In Cotton's list of 65 patterns, tails are specified in only three: Green Drake (the whisks of the tails of long hairs of the sable or fitchet), Gray Drake (the whisks of the tails of the beard of a black cat) and the Stone Fly (place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook). The Dun Cut calls for horns. Since many of Cotton's flies must have simulated May flies, they should also have been tailed, but this does not seem to have been the fashion. Of one fly that is definitely a May fly he says: ". . . the Little Yellow May fly; in shape *exactly the same with the Green-drake* [our italics], but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be seen, which is made of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white-grey feather dyed yellow." No tails.

Our conclusion is that by tail Berners means the hind or tail end of the fly. This is justified by the usage of the day, according to the great *Oxford English Dictionary*. But we must admit that the word could mean tails, period.

BODY. The basic body material for all flies is wool. Six of the patterns call for black; the others call for dun, ruddy, yellow, tawny, dusky and green, respectively. To get ruddy, yellow,

be put on a paper, as it may be taught by slight; yet it will be like this forme.



The head is of black silk or haire, the wings of a feather of a mallart, teele, or pickled hen-wing. The body of Crewell accord-

FIRST PICTURE of an artificial fly appeared in the second edition of John Dennys' *Secrets of Angling* in 1620. The model may have been a housefly.

green and perhaps tawny colors, natural wood must have been dyed. It could have been used as yarn or spun on as dubbing. The only problem is the black. Black could have been dyed or used natural. It seems strange that so many dressings call for black, as this is not a particularly common color for naturals. Natural black sheep's wool would be an off-black, even a dun, especially when held against sunlight, and so, we surmise that perhaps when dark hues were wanted, natural wool from the black sheep was used in the old flies.

In modifying the basic hue of the wool body, two flies call for ribbing of black silk, one for ribbing of yellow thread. Two call for peacock herl "lapped around" the body. The Dun Cut has a black body with a yellow stripe down either side. The Stone Fly has a bicolored body with yellow under the tail and wings of an otherwise black body. The problem lies in techniques for achieving mixed body colors.

Venables and Cotton give detailed directions on the techniques for tying some types of multicolor bodies, and these directions are clues. Venables says: "if your Flie be of divers colours, and those lying longways from head to tail, then I take my Dubbing, and lay them on the hook long-waies one colour by another (as they are mixt in the natural Flie from head to tail) then bind all on, and make it fast with silk of the most predominant colour."

COTTON'S method was different: he spun his different furs first on the thread (as it is usually done today); for example, the Stone Fly: "the dubbing, of bear's dun with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixt, but so placed that your fly may be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail, underneath, than in any other part."

There is no knowing how Berners dubbed but it is plausible to suppose that she did it like either Venables or Cotton. Cotton's method gets more blending and is more suited to the Stone Fly than the Dun Cut, for the latter suggests a precise yellow stripe along the body.

As to the Stone Fly, we are indifferent between the two techniques, except for intuition that Venables' technique is the older. We therefore tied this fly more or less along his lines. For the Dun Cut, the mechanics of the operation make Venables the only reasonable one to follow.

FLY WINGS. The plumage from at

continued

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least seven birds is specified for dressing *Treatise* flies, partridge, jay, the red cock (rooster), capon, drake, buzzard and peacock. All except the peacock are given as fly-wing materials. Two birds, the drake and the buzzard, need explanation.

In 15th century England and since then, the word "drake" has the special meaning of the male of the common waterfowl (and domesticated duck), the mallard. The word was also applied to males of waterfowl in general, but it is most likely that the word "drake" in the *Treatise* is used in the restrictive sense, the male mallard. In two flies, Maure and Tandy, there is no contention. She specifies for them "the wild drake," which unquestionably is the male mallard.

In another instance she specifies "black drake" (Drake Fly), but is not explicit as to whether she means feather color or species of bird. We conclude feather, and give our reasons under the fly heading below.

"Buzzard" means the common hawk (and closely related species) in Great Britain, whereas in the U.S. the term is often used for another group of birds, the vultures. The buzzard members of the hawk family were considered inferior because they were useless in falconry (suggesting why it is uncomplimentary to be called one). The red-tailed hawk is the closest North American species to the common European buzzard. The plumage of juvenile hawks differs from the adults in being lighter on the breast and parts of the feathers. This increases the range of feathers that could be used in dressing the *Treatise* flies. (The specimen used here—a juvenile—was provided by the well-known British angling writer, Major Richard Waddington.) Two types of markings are found on the flight feathers, white mottled with dark, and dark mottled with darker. The various effects are illustrated in the flies tied.

The problem of the specific feather to be used in *Treatise* flies is more often than not difficult to decide. Only three specific types of feathers are clearly mentioned: 1) herl of the peacock's tail, 2) mail or light and dark breast feathers from the drake, 3) hackle feathers from the red cock or capon. These feathers are easily recognized. The distinction between rooster and capon hackles, however, is puzzling. Capon hackles would of course be softer; but we do not know how meaningful such subtle distinctions were to Berners.

In eight of the 12 flies Berners mentions no specific feather (at least by present-day usage). These all take the form of "wings of the partridge" (*i.e.*, wings of the fly to be made from the partridge), wings of the buzzard or wings of the drake. She makes qualifications in two cases: "wings of the blackest drake" and wings "of the drake dyed yellow." The problem: what specific feather of the bird is intended for the fly wings in these eight patterns?

It is exasperating, and interesting, that the *Treatise* should be vague on this point and so specific on the others. Perhaps in the language of the day this phrase was meaningful as it stands. Aside from breast feathers, wing or flight feathers are the common mallard feather called for in fly dressings since the 17th century. But even Cotton is vague on this specification. He says, for example, "... the wings, of the pale grey feather of a mallard." It was apparently understood to be a flight or wing feather; only one of Cotton's dressings specifies mail: "... the wings, of the male of a mallard as white as may be." [In the English of this period, "mail" and "male" were both used to designate "breast feathers." Hills concludes as regards Berners' mallard feather: "... I think [that the fly had] wings from the quill feather of a drake: not the dark mottled feather, usually called dark mallard; for I think (though it is only a matter of opinion) that when the mottled feather, light or dark, is intended, the *Treatise* uses the word 'mail,' which would be an appropriate word for a body feather." Hills consistently follows this interpretation, except for Dun Fly No. 1 where he assumes that the direction, "wings of the partridge," means hackle or body feather.

The immediate successors of the *Treatise* offer little assistance in this area, possibly because they too had trouble in interpreting *Treatise* dressings and thus improvised; or they were drawing on the experience or practice of their times that would not necessarily correspond with those of the *Treatise*.

Reading flight feathers into the vague *Treatise* instruction, as we do, is purely deductive, but there is no strong argument against it and no satisfactory alternative.

Dual wings follow from one interpretation of three *Treatise* flies (Dun No. 2, Ruddy and Yellow Fly). Venables makes it clear that multiple-winged flies existed in his time: "Flies made for the Salmon are much better being made with four Wings, than if of two onely and with six better then them of four. . . ."

Hills, in his analysis of early fly construction, points out that in the first description wings made of quill feathers were not matched slips of feather cut from right and left quills as they are today. Rather a section from one feather was folded over or rolled into a tube and then attached to the hook.

In the matter of attaching wings, one is completely at the mercy of writers after Berners. Barker, Walton and Venables are consistent in that they attach the wings in reverse fashion; that is, they put on their wing materials with the ends of the feathers pointing away from the end of the hook. Then when the body was completed, they pulled the wings up and bent them back—how far back is not specified—and wedged them into place with a few turns of the working silk. Hills at best is obscure in his interpretation of the way Barker bent back his wing.

Barker is the first writer in history to provide any instruction on attaching wings, and we would have appreciated more lucidity from him. Read for yourself what he says: ". . . Cut so much of the browne of the Mallards feather as in your owne reason shall make the wings, then lay the outermost part of the feather near the hook, and the

text continued on page 63

ABOUT THE PAINTINGS

John Langley Howard, who pictures the Berners' flies in such meticulous detail on the following pages, is an artist known for his extraordinary, almost three-dimensional realism. Because the minute details of these reconstructions are of primary importance, the flies are here shown in enlarged form—a departure from tradition for the sake of clarity. All have been enlarged to precisely twice their actual size. Alternative flies are shown in those cases where the original Berners' directions could not be interpreted with complete reliability.

THE BERNERS TROUT FLIES

Tied by Dwight A. Webster—Painted by John Langley Howard

DUN FLY (March)

The donne flye the body of the donne woll & the wyngis of the pertryche

ANOTHER DUN FLY (March)

A nother doone flye. the body of blacke woll the wynges of the blackyst drake and the Jay und the wynge & under the tayle.

THE STONE FLY (April)

The stone flye the body of blacke wull & yelowe under the wynge and under the tayle & the wynges of the drake

RUDDY FLY (May)

In the begynnynge of May a good flye. the body of roddyd wull and lappid abowte wyth blacke sylke: the wynges of the drake & of the redde capons hakyll.

THE YELLOW FLY (May)

Alternative One

First Choice

Alternative Two

The yelow flye the body of yelow wull the wynges of the redde cocke hakyll & of the drake lyttyd yelow

THE BLACK LEAPER (May)

First Choice

Alternative

The blacke louper. the body of blacke wull & lappyd aboute wyth the herle of y^e^ pecok tayle: & the wynges of y^e^ redde capon wt a blewe heed.

DUN CUT (June)

The donne cutte: the body of blacke wull & a yelow lyste after eyther syde: the wynges of the bosarde bounde on with barkyd hempe

MAURE FLY (June)

The maure flye. the body of dolke wull the wynges of the blackest mayle of the wylde drake.

TANDY FLY (June)

The tandy flye at saynt Wyllyams daye. the body of tandy wull & the wynges contrary eyther ayenst other of the whitest mayle of y^e^ wylde drake.

WASP FLY (July)

First Choice

Alternative (down wing)

The waspe flye. the body of blacke wull & lappid abowte wt yelow threde: the winges of the bosarde.

SHELL FLY (July)

First Choice

Alternative

The shell flye at saynt Thomas daye. the body of grene wull & lappyd abowte wyth the herle of the pecoks tayle: wynges of the bosarde.

DRAKE FLY (August)

The drake flye. the body of blacke wull & lappyd abowte wyth black sylke: wynges of the mayle of the blacke drake with a blacke heed.

MAURE FLY (June)

The maure flye the body of dolke wull the wynges of the blackest mayle of the wylde drake

TANDY FLY (June)

The tandy flye at saynt Wyllyams daye. the body of tandy wull & the wynges contrary eyther ayenst other of the whitest mayle of yᵉ wylde drake.

WASP FLY (July)

First Choice

Alternative (down wing)

The waspe flye. the body of blacke wull & lappid abowte wt yelow threde: the wynges of the bosarde

SHELL FLY (July)

First Choice

Alternative

The shell flye at saynt Thomas daye. the body of grene wull & lappyd abowte wyth the herle of the pecoks tayle: wynges of the bosarde.

DRAKE FLY (August)

The drake flye. the body of blacke wull & lappyd abowte wyth black sylke: wynges of the mayle of the blacke drake with a blacke heed.

BERNERS

continued

point of the feather next toward the shank of the hook, so whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk you armed the hook with [instructions for adding body and hackle, palmer-tied, given here]. . . . Then you must take the hook betwixt your fingers and thumb in the left hand, with a needle or pin part the wings in two, so take the silk you have wrought with all this while, and whip once about the shank that falleth crosse betwixt the wings; then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bend of the hook, then whip three or four times about the shank of the hook, so view the proportion."

The rule of imitation suggests offhand that some wings should be up and some down, as they are in nature. But we do not assume that the rule is literal, and here we are stymied by our decision on other grounds, mentioned above, to tie reverse wings, and therefore up wings. Conceivably reverse wings could be shaped down, but it would be a difficult and a backward way to get down wings. An argument against down wings is given by Venables: "... If you set the points of the wings backwards, towards the

continued

SUMMARY OF THE BERNERS FLY DRESSINGS

'TREATISE' NAME	POSSIBLE IDENTIFICATION	BODY	WINGS AND/OR HACKLE
Dun Fly No. 1	March Brown—Skues February Red—Hills	Dun wool	a) Wings: Section of partridge quill feather b) Wings: Partridge body feather c) Hackle: Partridge body feather (Hills)
Dun Fly No. 2	Olive Dun—Skues & Hills	Black wool	Wings: Dual, section dark mallard quill veiled with feather from under wing of Jay
Stone Fly	Stone Fly—Skues & Hills	Black wool made yellow under wing and tail	Wings: Section mallard quill
Ruddy Fly	Red Spinner—Hills Great Red Spinner—Skues	Ruddy wool ribbed with black silk	a) Wings: Dual, section mallard quill veiled with red capon hackle b) Wings: Section mallard quill Hackle: Red capon, tied palmer c) Wings: Section mallard quill Hackle: Red capon, under wing only (Hills)
Yellow Fly	Little Yellow May Dun—Hills, and, with some uncertainty, Skues	Yellow wool	a) Wings: Dual, section mallard quill dyed yellow veiled with red cock's hackle b) Wings: Section mallard quill dyed yellow Hackle: Red cock, tied palmer c) Wings: Section mallard quill dyed yellow Hackle: Red cock, under wing only (Hills)
Black Leaper	Caddis	Black wool ribbed with peacock herl	a) Wings: Red capon quill feather Head: Blue silk (or wool) b) Hackle: Palmer-tied dun
Dun Cut	Yellow Dun—Hills Sedge Fly—Skues	Black wool with yellow stripe down side	Wings: Section mottled buzzard quill whipped with barked hemp
Maure Fly	Green Drake—Hills *Alder*—Skues	Dusky wool	Wings: Brown mallard breast
Tandy Fly	Gray Drake—Hills Oak Fly—Skues	Tawny wool	Wings: Light gray mallard breast tied back to back
Wasp Fly	Wasp—Hills Crane Fly—Skues	Black wool ribbed with yellow thread	a) Wings: Section mottled buzzard quill b) Tied natural
Shell Fly	Grannom—Hills Sedge—Skues	Green wool ribbed with peacock herl	a) Wings: Section mottled buzzard quill b) Smaller, like a Grannom, down wing
Drake Fly	Alder—Hills	Black wool ribbed with black silk	Wings: Brown mallard breast feathers Head: Black silk (or wool)

Key: a) first choice; b) alternative one; c) alternative two.

◀ FEATHERS IN TOP AND BOTTOM COLUMN ON OPPOSITE PAGE ARE ONE-THIRD ACTUAL SIZE, THE SNIPS TWO-THIRDS ACTUAL SIZE. IN MIDDLE COLUMN THEY ARE SHOWN ONE-QUARTER AND ONE-HALF ACTUAL SIZE, RESPECTIVELY

bending of the hook, the stream (if the feathers be gentle as they ought) will fold the points of the wings in the bending of the hook, as I have often found by experience . . . ."

We expect this to remain a controversial subject, but the act of tying the flies forces a conclusion. Venables' disapproval of down wings, and the logic of reverse-wing tying, lead us to conclude Berners' fly wings took on a more or less upright form.

TO HACKLE OR NOT TO HACKLE. The *Treatise* seems to regard hackle feathers as wings. The phrasing of both dressings is alike. She says "wings of the drake and of the red capon's hackle." She does *not* say wings of the drake and hackle of the red capon. In two patterns (Ruddy and Yellow Flies) where hackle feathers are mentioned, the literal interpretation would be wings composed of two different wing materials. The alternative is that hackle feathers were wound on in the conventional modern way but were still classified as a sort of wing. Hills and Skues both apparently make this assumption.

There is no clue in Mascall or Markham that the hackle should be wound on, but Barker and Venables both describe the tying of palmer-type flies. In Cotton's list there are two types of flies, palmer and winged. Hills quotes without comment Franck's ambiguous directions to hackle: "And among the variety of your Fly-adventurers, remember the Hackle, or the Fly substitute, form'd without Wings, and drest up with the Feather of a Capon, Pheasant, Partridg, Moccaw, Phlimingo, Paraketa, or the like, and the Body nothing differing in shape from the Fly, save only in ruffness, and indigency of Wings."

Has he hackled only at the throat of the fly or all along the hooks, palmer tie?

IT appears that, a century and a half after the *Treatise* was printed, there is still no certain evidence of flies hackled only at the throat, as they are today. The first definite evidence of conventional hackling that we have found is Bowlker in mid-18th century.

When Bowlker wants a palmer tie he is explicit; for example, his Black Palmer: "The body is made with the black ostridge's feather, ribbed with silver twist, with a black cock's hackle *over the body*" (our italics).

When he wants hackle around the neck of the fly, he says "hackle . . . for the legs" or "hackle wrapt twice or thrice under the but of the wing. . . ."

We conclude that the *Treatise* flies should be unhackled. Hills to the contrary notwithstanding.

FLY HEADS. One *Treatise* direction (Black Leaper) ends "with a blue head" and another (Drake Fly) "with a black head." These could refer equally to the head of the bird or to the head of the fly.

We know this much, that fly heads of different colors were known to later writers. Lawson gives his fly a head in the famous footnote. Cotton gives us flies with brown, black and red heads. And Venables is clear on the subject: "The Head is made after all the rest of the body, of silk or hair, as being of a more shining glossy colour, than the other materials, as usually the head of the flie is more bright than the body, and is usually of a different colour from the body. . . ."

Mascall and Markham give us both interpretations of the *Treatise's* ambiguity as between head of fly and head of bird. For the Black Leaper, Mascall modifies the text from "wings of the red capon with a blue head" to ". . . the winges are made of the winges of a browne capon, with his blew feathers in the head," an intent even less clear than the *Treatise's*. And Markham changes the dressing further to ". . . his wings with the browne feathers of the Mallard, and some of his blew feathers on his head. . . ." Thus Markham inexplicably changes the bird, and, furthermore, implies a dual wing (the metallic iridescent green head feathers could be construed as blue). Neither writer gives us this fly with a blue head.

In the Drake Fly, Mascall inconsequentially adds a comma to the Berners text, but Markham makes a drastic change: ". . . wings of the under mayle of the Mallard, and his head made blacke. . . ." So here we have a black-headed fly.

Note how one gets out of trouble if the interpretation of "head" is as head of the fly: two knotty ornithological problems are neatly solved. 1) The wings of the Black Leaper are from a red capon rather than an uncertain blue mongrel chicken. 2) The wings of the Drake Fly are brown mallard breast instead of some aberrant color phase or another species. The interpretation —fly head—is simplest and clarifies both dressings. It makes sense, and we adopt it.

DIFFICULT RENDITIONS. In the present stage of knowledge, secure conclusions cannot be made on several critical points. In instances where it is impossible to render a logically strong judgment between choices, we present our first choice as the most likely, and alternatives as possible but less likely. The alternatives are presented in the illustrations and the table of our dressings.

Now look at the flies.

We now give our argument for the dressing of each fly.

NO. 1 DUN FLY (March)

Berners: "The donne flye the body of the donne woll & the wyngis of the pertryche."

Does "dun" imply May fly? The Oxford dictionary indicates that dun was a descriptive adjective in her time. Reference to "dun" meaning subimago May flies seems to have come later in history through association with the fly's general hue. Our assumption is that "dun" refers to color only and does not imply a life stage of a May fly.

"Partridge" we assume to refer to common (Hungarian) partridge. Is a wing or body feather intended? Markham specifies "male," and Hills must thus have got his body feather from Markham, and not the *Treatise*; Hills further suggests that the feather was tied on as hackle. Since we assumed that a wing feather is implied if mail (breast) is not specified by Berners, we make the partridge wing feather first choice.

Hills believes that this fly is an imitation of the February Red, a stone fly; Skues says March Brown, a May fly. Either of these insects could readily be the prototype. Hills seems to have been influenced by the connotation of the modern fly "Partridge and Orange," a hackle fly, even though the use of partridge as hackle in the *Treatise* fly is not apparent.

NO. 2 ANOTHER DUN FLY (March)

Berners: "A nother doone fly the body of blacke woll: the wynges of the blackyst drake: and the Jay und the wynge & under the tayle."

"Wings of the blackest drake" we construe to mean a dark section of flight feathers.

Two interpretations can be made of the phrase, "and the Jay under the wing and under the tail." One is that the reference means Jay feathers placed under wing and tail end of the *fly*. If this is followed (as Hills recommends) what feathers from the Jay are used (blue feathers?) and how are they placed? There is no answer to this.

The alternative is that the text refers

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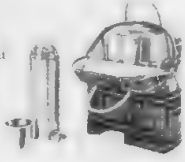

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to the bird and not to the fly. That is, the fly wings are to be made from feathers from under the wing and tail of the Jay, as well as from the drake. Thus, a dual- or multiple-winged fly would result. This makes more sense in terms of construction. Mascall changes the bird but understands the meaning to be "feathers under the winges of his taile."

We conclude to stay with the Jay and take a feather from under his wing, and so make a dual-wing fly.

Both Hills and Skues believe Dun Fly No. 2 is the Olive or Blue Dun.

NO. 3 THE STONE FLY (April)

Berners: "The stone flye. The bodye of blacke wull: & yelowe under the wynge. and under the tayle & the wynges of the drake."

This fly and its dressing have an unbroken history to modern times. It is one fly that is unmistakable in identification and one where the directions show the *Treatise* to be clearly imitative of nature.

Making the black wool body yellow under wing and tail pinpoints a conspicuous feature in the color pattern of some of the larger stone fly adults. This interpretation seems inconsistent with our interpretation of the text of Dun Fly No. 2; if it is, in fact, inconsistent, then the error lies with Dun Fly No. 2 rather than here; for this fly is known without question. However order of directions differs: in the case of the Stone Fly the phrase "and yellow under wing and tail" follows "body" and hence should be related to the body in some way. In the case of Dun Fly No. 2 the phrase "and the Jay under wing and tail" follows the wing instruction and so seems to call for jay feathers in the fly wing.

"Wings of the drake" we again construe to mean sections of flight quills. The wings of the stone fly (in flight) are large and conspicuous. They could have been dressed large. Cotton gives this specific instruction, and we follow it.

NO. 4 RUDDY FLY (May)

Berners: "In the begynnynge of May a good flye. the body of roddyd wull and lapid abowte wyth blacke sylke: the wynges of the drake & of the redde capons hakyll."

The archaic word "roddyd" escapes the Oxford dictionary. According to Duggan, "it is normally found only as a description of streaky bacon." But for anglers, the word is presumably clarified by Mascall, who gives the fly the title "Ruddy Fly."

"Wings of the drake and of the red

continued

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BERNERS

continued

capon's hackle" can be interpreted as a dual wing, and "wings" could be conventional wings of hackle wound on. If they are hackle wings, they could be conventional hackle or palmer. Hills does not say so outright, but implies a conventional hackle for this fly as well as for the others where hackle is mentioned: "... the basis of the fly, red hackle, is the same in both: the wings are not different."

This is a critical point. If the fly is tied with a conventional hackle, this must be done without specific instruction from the *Treatise* to do so. If it is a hackle fly, it seems more likely to be a palmer, since the palmer tie appears to be the only known hackle fly in the 17th century.

If, on the other hand, it is a dual-wing fly, the order of placing the materials is important. It makes sense to veil the mallard quill sections with red hackle points.

Hills considers the Ruddy Fly to have a modern counterpart in the Red Spinner (imago of the Blue Dun); Skues in the Great Red Spinner (imago of March Brown).

NO. 5 THE YELLOW FLY (May)

Berners: "The yelow flye. the body of yelow wull: the wynges of the redde cocke hakyll & of the drake lyttyd yelow."

The instruction, "wings of red cock's hackle and of drake dyed yellow" again presumably refers to a dual wing. Some of Cotton's flies call for this dyed quill. The order of hackle and quill is reversed from that of the Ruddy Fly, but we assemble the materials as before: dyed quill veiled by hackle points. Hackle points on the inside are useless since they would be obscured by the more opaque mallard quill.

NO. 6 THE BLACK LEAPER (May)

Berners: "The blacke louper. The body of blacke wull & lappyd abowte wyth the herle of ye pecock tayle: & the wynges of ye redde capon wt a blewe heed."

Does "with a blue head" refer to the bird (red capon) or the fly? As noted previously, if it refers to the fly an ambiguous direction becomes quite clear.

Taking the alternative interpretation, that it is the red capon that has the blue head, what feather and what color feather is implied? Both Hills and Skues take this alternative (without explanation), and both adopt hackle feathers. They do not specify the color of the hackle, although Skues implies red (Red Palmer). The argument could be advanced that a blue feather was intended. But the case for any hackle feather is weak in the absence of the word "hackle" in the directions. It is specified in two other dressings, so why not here, too, if it is actually intended?

All in all, a blue feather interpretation is very subjective and seems to be tinged with wishful thinking from the fly tier's point of view. A blue-headed fly is not the most satisfying creation for a purist to contemplate. But a blue-headed fly is not much more startling than a yellow stripe down the side of a body, yellow under wing or tail, or wings tied on with brown hemp.

NO. 7 DUN CUT (June)

Berners: "The donne cutte: the body of blacke wull & a yelow lyste after eyther syde: the wynges of the bosarde bounde on with barkyd hempe."

The yellow stripe down the side and wings wrapped with barked hemp are, doubtless, clues to the identity of this fly. The bodies of many insects give the impression of being divided by a lighter line in the distribution of the back and belly color patterns.

"Wings of the buzzard" we take to mean sections of flight feathers. These are specified in both Mascall and Markham as wings of the wings of the buzzard.

"Barked hemp" is a rope cord steeped in a dye made of the bark of certain trees (for the preservative action).

Hills thinks the Dun Cut is a May fly, the Yellow Dun; Skues "beyond question" the sedge fly or Welshman's Button of Halford.

NO. 8 MAURE FLY (June)

Berners: "The maure fly. the body of dolke wull the wynges of the blackest mayle of the wylde drake."

"Dolke" does not appear in the great Oxford; Duggan thinks this could be a misprint for "doske." Dusky is the interpretation evident or implied in Mascall and Markham.

Maure, for them, becomes "moorerish" and "morish." Hills believes Mascall misread "maure." Actually, maure and moor are legitimate synonyms in 15th and 16th century English. The Oxford gives "maure" and "moure" as obsolete forms of "moor" and the connotation of the word was dusky, as in the 1489 example of usage "... he became as blacke as a moure." Maure also meant "ant," but

elsewhere in the *Treatise* the word "pysmire" is used for ant.

Hills seems to make a good case here for the subimago of *the* May fly (Green Drake, *Ephemera*) as the natural meant by the *Treatise*. Skues thinks it is the Alder.

NO. 9 TANDY FLY (June)

Berners: "The tandy flye at saynt Wyllyams daye. the body of tandy wull & the wynges contrary eyther ayenst other of the whitest mayle of ye wylde drake."

"Tandy" becomes "tawny" in Mascall and Markham.

This is the only fly with directions for the form, or forming, of the wing. The literal translation would be "wings opposite, one against the other." This Hills interprets as meaning feathers set "back to back" and this seems reasonable. The implication of these instructions seems to be that the identity of the two light mallard breast feathers should be preserved after they are set on the hook.

As with the Maure Fly, Hills makes a case for the imago of the May fly (Grey Drake, *Ephemera*). Skues thinks it is the Oak Fly.

NO. 10 WASP FLY (July)

Berners: "The waspe flye. the body of blacke wull & lappid abowte wt yelow threde: the winges of the bosarde."

This fly's name and dressing are obviously related and provide another example of the *Treatise* copying nature. (Skues says "probably a crane fly.") Great Oxford gives only a primary meaning of wasp as referring to the insect.

Should the body be formed in an hourglass shape? It would not take much ingenuity or imagination to tie it that way. Perhaps the wings would also have been tied flat. We have presented an alternate Wasp Fly tied this way. This fly and the following Shell Fly will give the reader examples of the down-wing interpretation which generally we have rejected.

"Wing of the buzzard" is presumed to refer to flight feathers. By Markham's time the directions called for "wings of the downe of a Buzzard."

NO. 11 SHELL FLY (July)

Berners: "The shell flye at saynt Thomas daye. the body of grene wull and lappyd abowte with the herle of the pecoks tayle: wynges of the bosarde."

This fly has a history that may be associated with the present Grannom.

continued

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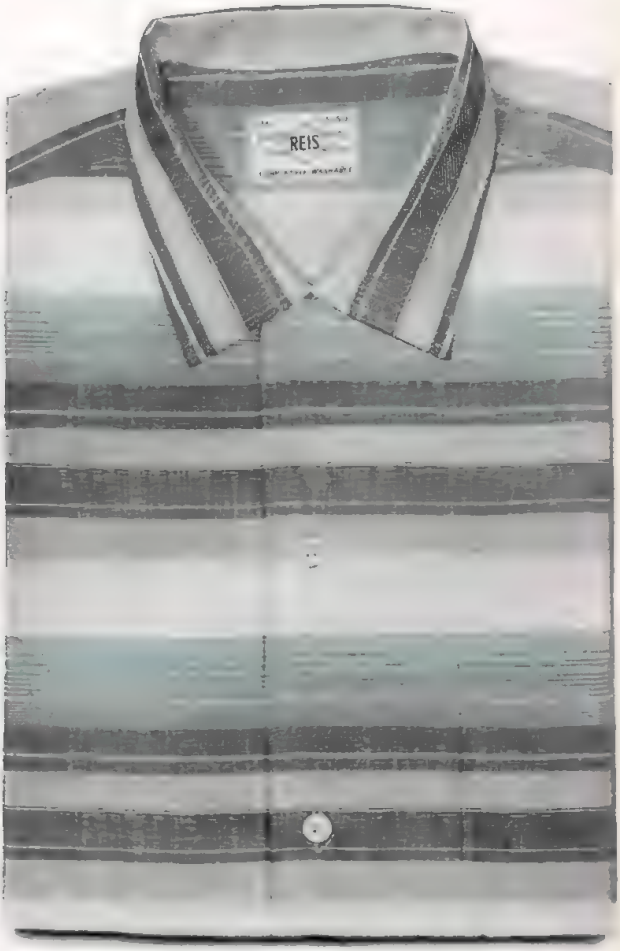

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The color and material fit this insect rather well. As Hills points out, the *Treatise* date of the fly (July) is late for the actual emergence dates but many of the caddis would be grannom-like in general appearance. Skues says the Shell Fly is "probably one of the green-bellied sedges."

The name Shell Fly is curious. If it is the grannom, or other caddis, could this refer to the case or "shell" or the larvae?

Wing of buzzard flight feathers would be tied down wing if the fly were a strict imitation, but we have not assumed such strictness, and, as we said above, we find that the weight of the evidence is for uprights.

NO. 12 DRAKE FLY (August)

Berners: "The drake fly. the body of blacke wull and lappyd abowte wyth black sylke: wynges of the mayle of the blacke drake with a blacke heed."

"Drake" (like "dun") has a specialized meaning in fly-fishing. It refers to adult May flies. As in the case of "dun," it seems likely that "drake" in the entomological sense was not intended in the *Treatise*. The earliest Oxford dictionary example of this usage is in 1658 (Franck's *Northern Memoirs*): "It was only with dracks that I killed these trouts." Oxford also gives "Drake-Fly," meaning "an artificial fly dressed with breast feathers of a drake" and cites the *Treatise* as an example.

Cotton gives another plausible reason for the association of ornithological and entomological meanings: ". . . and his [Green Drake] tail turns up towards his back, like a mallard, from whence, questionless, he has his name of the Green-drake." "Drake" as synonymous with the May fly, or May flies in general, was evidently well established by the mid-17th century.

One has to dispose of precisely what is meant by "mail of the black drake with black head." There seem to be at least four possibilities:

1) As proposed by Hills: "some specially coloured dark mallard feather, only to be found on a black headed drake."

2) Also by Hills: "black head refers not to the bird but the feather, and means one with a black or dark base."

3) The reference was to the drake of another species of duck that had a black head.

4) "With a black head" refers to the fly, not the bird (the interpretation spelled out in Markham: ". . . and his head make blacke").

Of these, No. 2, favored by Hills, seems a farfetched interpretation. Hills apparently intuitively assumes that "black Drake" means "black mail of the drake," and this would not be unreasonable if one could dispose of "with a black head." The fourth alternative above can be considered on the same basis as "red capon with a blue head" (Black Leaper), and we have followed it with a black-headed fly. Alternatives 1 and 3 are in effect the same except that Hills held to a variation of the mallard rather than a different species of duck.

The problem with changing the species of bird is that "drake" has the special meaning of male of the mallard, and it does not seem reasonable that the *Treatise* would expect breast feathers from a different duck to be used. Drake does have the more generalized meaning of males of any species of duck. In British fauna the choice of alternative species is not great, and narrows to two alternatives, and of these, the tufted duck is an easy first choice. But because the fly is named Drake Fly one needs to be cautious about going against the primary connotation of the word as used elsewhere in the *Treatise*.

This concludes the discussion of Juliana's trout flies, which we hope has been "of interest to gentle and noble men"—and women—and not idlers.

NEXT WEEK:

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IN A PARIS WOOD

continued from page 23

juniors and military members. Though the aim of the club is to popularize riding, the $70 dues and $70 initiation fee make the place, as a secretary explained, "*un cercle un peu fermé, si vous voulez.*" French Olympic dressage training is done on Étrier's preserve, and there are a dozen horse shows a year to which the public is invited. But, unless one is a member of a society or owns a horse, there is no horseback riding in the Bois, save for ponies which can be hired by children.

The other horsey nook, the Polo de Paris, invites the public in for matches on its greensward not far from Longchamp, but tea on the terrace is a plush and private affair, which might draw such members as the Marquis de Ganay, the British Ambassador; Sir Gladwyn Jebb; the Count Robert Toulouse-Lautrec; or any number of baroneted Rothschilds, whose forebears started the club in 1895.

Crustiest of all is the Tir aux Pigeons, whose 1,000 carefully screened families gather in a manicured park of exquisite flower beds, pebbled paths and still, silver ponds to play tennis, skate in season, and shoot live pigeons. A pair of *panneaux de basket* is kept on hand to occupy the liveliest of the youngsters. The children's other activities are pretty much restricted to the use of bicycles, tricycles and scooters, and even these are strictly forbidden on Saturday, Sunday and holiday afternoons.

The adults' sport of pigeon shooting, which is forbidden every day in most countries, requires the services of 6,000 pigeons a year, all of which are imported from Spain. Birds cost about $1.50 each and are kept for a month (at 3 francs per day per pigeon) to fatten them up for D day. About 10% die before the moment of truth arrives, about 40% fly off unscathed and roost in the Arch of Triumph and the Eiffel Tower, Spanish veterans of the Bois campaign, far from the homeland in Castile whence they came as mercenaries.

But, for the Parisian possessed neither of a club invitation, the price of an initiation fee, nor even *un tube*, the subway arrives at the door of the Bois, and there is plenty inside. There is fishing in the waterways, stocked by the city with small carp; cruising by rowboat in the Bois's great lakes, Lac Supérieur and Lac Inférieur; soccer and baseball and model-plane flying on the Champ d'Entrainement. There is swimming in a floating swimming pool tied up along the banks of the Seine, and there is the little train of the Bois de Boulogne driven by an engineer in a beret and faded blue denims that tinkles its bell and skitters up from the Porte Maillot through a pine forest covered with brown-needle broadloom and spread with spindly chairs that look like ballerinas. It stops at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and the children pour through the gates en route to a cruise on the Enchanted River, a ride on a camel, a stroll through the avenues of caged jackals and foxes, peacocks and Chinese pheasants, and inevitably a lick of *la barbe du papa*, known in other circles as cotton candy.

Bagatelle by D'Artois

On a pleasant Sunday in July, 30,000 will troop through the château of Bagatelle built by the Count of Artois on a bet with Marie Antoinette. The count had it finished within a few months, held a far-famed reception, at which he received the king, the queen and the court. Black swans float on the waterways of the gardens, and the prize roses of their rosary carry such names as First Love, Mme. Vincent Auriol and Sutter's Gold.

Under the plane trees of the Bois, where the Seine comes to cool the green borders, cars from Sweden and motorcycles from Denmark are parked in the shade. Trailers rest under the willows, campers from beyond the Rhine snooze under canvas, and wash boils in a pot. Forty Germans, lately disgorged from a bus up from Dusseldorf, have opened their collapsible kitchen and are peeling potatoes and mixing batter. They needn't have brought their own food, for a commissary on the premises sells eggs, cheese and—what else?—canned *coq-au-vin*.

The mallet is cracking into the ball on the Jeu de Polo not a hundred yards away, and over on Lac Inférieur a gentleman has parked his motorized bicycle and stuck a bamboo pole through the reeds in hopes of snaring a carp. Little boys in smocks are voyaging aboard a camel over in the Jardin d'Acclimatation; some of the best people, having tea at Pré Catelan, are up to their spats in pebbles and pink geraniums. The church bells of Paris bong loud and clear over the meadows of the Bois, where the cows low, and, somewhere down in the city, a racing type is getting down a box to inspect *la jaquette* and *le tube*, a little more rose than gray now with the years, but just the thing for the leaf-green days ahead up in the greenery. END

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INDIANAPOLIS

continued from page 15

with those having teeth strong enough to chew. Let us protect the spectators as well as we know how and make the courses as safe for the drivers as we can and provide them with equipment that is as safe as we can make it; but by all means let us race.

Indianapolis, of course, epitomizes American racing at its biggest, richest, most dangerous and, to many, most exciting. It is like an enormous pageant in three acts: first, the taut days of practice in costly and intricate roadsters that are built especially for the Brickyard's left-hand turns; second, the qualifying rounds, on the two weekends before race day, in which the drivers scrap for the best places in the starting lineup; finally, the 500 miles of flat-out competition before the largest sports gathering in the country—between 175,000 and 200,000 persons.

The old Brickyard has a new look this year, with a sizable grandstand replacing the old bleachers behind the pits on the home stretch. A five-story tower of glass and steel tops its midsection and gives it its name—the Tower Terrace. Gone is the old officials' stand, the Pagoda, which identified the speedway in the public mind as unmistakably as Churchill Downs's twin spires symbolize the Kentucky Derby. A low concrete safety wall now sets off the pit area from the track; the cars can enter the pits only at a gap at the north end of the straight and leave them at a gap at the south.

New, also, are the Indianapolis engines. Reduced from a maximum of 274 to 256 cubic inches (from 183 to 171 for supercharged cars) in a move to cut back the Brickyard's awesome speeds, they inspired the most popular guessing game of the practice days: whether or not the fastest 1957 cars would equal last year's record 145.596 mph qualifying run by the eventual winner, Pat Flaherty. Weighty arguments advanced by experts supported both sides. Speeds up to 147 mph were predicted at a late hour, and many a seer saw stubby Paul Russo sitting on the pole in the latest version of the supercharged V-8 Novi Special, which led most of the way last year until it cracked up with a blowout on the 22nd lap. Oldtimer Russo, veteran of 11 "500s," was paired with another old campaigner, and one of the great ones, Tony Bettenhausen. But Bettenhausen was having violent engine trouble with *his* Novi and he hardly expected to qualify for the 33-car field until the final weekend.

The chassis builders and mechanics, naturally, saw the reduction in engine size as a challenge to their ingenuity to produce more speed. They cropped an average of four inches from the width of the old cars in the new models and juggled suspension systems and weight distribution to give the cars better traction in the corners, where speeds have soared in the past decade. Straightaway speeds have stayed about the same.

As usual, the large majority of chassis came from the small but bustling Glendale, Calif. workshop of Frank Kurtis. Among the other body builders, Eddie Kuzma and A. J. Watson, both West Coast men, stood out. Kuzma fielded the potent white racer that appears on this week's cover for the USAC national champion driver, Jim Bryan (*see page 16*) and another car for the 1950 race winner, Johnnie Parsons. When Parsons wrecked it in practice, Kuzma flew to Indianapolis and rebuilt it in frantic haste. Watson is the graying boy wonder who built the winners of the past two "500s" for Tulsa's racing perfectionist, 28-year-old John Zink.

Zink's No. 1 driver, Troy Ruttman,

QUALIFIERS ON THE FIRST WEEKEND

CAR NO.	DRIVER	MAKER OF CHASSIS-BODY	MAKE OF ENGINE	AVERAGE SPEED
12	PAT O'CONNOR	KURTIS 500 G2	OFFENHAUSER	143.948
88	EDDIE SACHS	KUZMA (1956)	OFFENHAUSER	143.822
52	TROY RUTTMAN	A. J. WATSON (1957)	OFFENHAUSER	142.772
14	FRED AGABASHIAN	KURTIS 500 G2	OFFENHAUSER	142.557
6	JOHNNY BOYD	KURTIS 500 G2	OFFENHAUSER	142.182
5	JIMMY REESE	KURTIS 500 C	OFFENHAUSER	142.006
83	ED ELISIAN	KURTIS 500 D	OFFENHAUSER	141.777
18	AL KELLER	KURTIS 500 G2	OFFENHAUSER	141.398
23	ELMER GEORGE	KURTIS 500 B	OFFENHAUSER	140.729

the 6-foot 4-inch Californian who won the 1952 race at 22, was fresh from a winning stock car season on the Coast. He took the new car while Jud Larson, Kansas City's blond, husky Brickyard rookie, who was a sensation on the USAC championship circuit last season, took the old Flaherty car.

Big Jim Bryan arrived with a straw cowboy hat, cowboy boots, Levis, a supply of cigars and Kuzma's latest Dean Van Lines Special, artfully tuned by Chief Mechanic Clint Brawner. Pat O'Connor, who was a solid second last year until a magneto broke, breezed in from Monza. He had been testing tires there for Firestone in preparation for the June 29 race, which will match "500" drivers against Europe's best, blazing around the Monza oval with an oversized Indy car in the world record time of 170.8 mph.

Against these young chargers stood the old guard of Russo, 43, the canny Fred Agabashian, 42, and Sam Hanks, 43. Hanks alone had been toughened by recent racing experience in stock cars. He needed all of it, too, for his Belond Exhaust Special had the trickiest engine arrangement of any car at the speedway. The engine lay on its side, producing the lowest profile but also some of the meanest handling.

No practice in recent memory produced so many slips and slides—13 serious incidents in all and one fatality. Giuseppe (Nino) Farina, Italy's 50-year-old former world champion who failed to qualify a Ferrari-engined Kurtis-Kraft last year, returned with an Offy-Kurtis. He was never quite at home on the track. When he loaned the car to Keith Andrews, winner of the 1954 Pikes Peak hill climb, for a practice run, Andrews spun, slid and hurtled backward into a concrete abutment. He died in the cockpit.

As practice time ran out last week, the young chargers were a bit ahead of the grizzled veterans. Ruttman turned a lap at 144.3 mph, Pat O'Connor at 144.1, Rookie Eddie Sachs at 144. Hanks coaxed the trying Belond Special up to 143, Russo squeezed 143.5 from the Novi and Agabashian led the old guard at 143.8. Just to make sure youth had the edge, though, Bryan bit into a fresh cigar and sizzled fastest of all—144.5. The first act was over.

Next morning, one of the worst traffic jams in Indianapolis history funneled into the speedway and emerged as the largest crowd ever to watch the qualifications—a fantastic, eye-popping 130,000. Heavy clouds moved overhead, but there were big patches

continued

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INDIANAPOLIS

continued

of blue; the morning air was heavy and hot. At 11 a.m., with 19 cars waiting to qualify, and just as Mercury General Manager F. C. Reith, with Speedway President Anton Hulman Jr. as passenger, bashed a two-foot-wide "ribbon" asunder with the convertible cruiser pace car to get things going properly, it began to rain. Out came tarps and blankets to cover the cars and heaters to keep engine oil hot. Under cover went the spectators.

Now it would be a race against time to qualify as many drivers as possible. The track was not ready for three and one half hours. Drivers fidgeted uneasily as the first heats began, fearful that they would miss a chance at the pole, which goes to the fastest qualifier on opening day.

Up front, handsome Patrick O'Connor of North Vernon, Ind. was relaxed. When his turn came he took the four laps smoothly, in the day's fastest time—an average of 143.948 mph. His fastest lap was 144.046, and it was becoming clear that estimates of speeds near 146 mph were visionary. There would be no record this day.

No record, but continuous tension. A shade slower than O'Connor went 29-year-old Eddie Sachs, Center Valley, Pennsylvania's swiftest hotel owner, with a 143.822 average and one very fast lap at 144.648.

TIME TO QUIT

Troy Ruttman squeezed his long frame into Zink's red-and-white No. 52. A first lap of 144.393 promised an excellent chance for the pole, and then the rain came again. When it eased, and Ruttman tried once more, the track was a little slick; he tailed off to an average of 142.772. Nearly time to quit now, but Jim Bryan still had a chance at the pole if the rain held off. He blasted into the groove, turned a rapid warmup lap, but by then the crowd knew it was all over. The rain started again in earnest; the champ would have to wait until the first fair day. With nine drivers already in the fold he could aim no higher than the fourth row on race day.

Pat O'Connor, scrubbed clean after his ride, standing arrow straight, turned a happy Irish face up to the pelting rain. The day and the pole were his. He had Sachs and Ruttman beside him on the front row for the big day, but he looked confident and cheerful and the weather couldn't have been better. END

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Which do you like better, dogs or people?

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Wilton, Conn.
Chairman of the Westminster Kennel Club

The obvious answer is dogs because most dogs are far more decent than most people. They ask nothing of you but a little affection. You never have to worry about their loyalty. Of course, I'm comparing dogs to run-of-the-mill people, not my close friends.

BETHNY HALL

Greenville, R.I.
Winner of most 1956 "firsts" in Junior Showmanship

I'm crazy about dogs, but I've met so many wonderful persons who love dogs that I like people a lot, too. You can scold a dog and he'll just give you a loving look. But if you scold a person he'll scold back. So you think you like dogs better. But you don't, not really.

BILL HUTTON

New York City and Washington
Publisher

Dogs? You should see the mess they've made of my neighborhood. The only ones I like are hot dogs and the kind that run around tracks. A dog came at me once in the park. His owner said, "He won't bite; he has no teeth." I replied: "The teeth I see must be false."

MRS. ADELE S. COLGATE

Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Generally, I like dogs better and I would rather have dealings with them because dogs don't play politics. A dog is honest all his life and nothing can change him. There is no loyalty that can compare to a dog's. He has been known to lick the hand that beats him.

GEORGE F. FOLEY

Philadelphia
President, Foley Dog Show Organization, Inc.

Dogs. When you deal with the public you deal with all classes of people, but there's no caste among dogs. Whether you're rich or poor, a gentleman or a bum, your dog will love you just the same. You find the same loyalty and affection among people, but it is very rare.

MRS. GEORGE C. MILTENBERGER

Cincinnati

Dogs. I like my dog even better than my husband. My dog is a better companion and never talks back or tells me what to do. Furthermore, he has a beautiful pedigree that I can trace back an x number of generations. And he's much easier to feed than my husband.

WILLIAM HENDRIX

Newark, N.J.
Noted writer on animals

I like both. Dogs possess all our virtues, exceed us in many, and have none of our vices. Mark Twain said: "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will never bite you. That is the principal difference between a dog and a man." And I go along with Mr. Twain.

NELLY ZAUGG

Geneva, Switzerland
Airline executive

I think it was Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, who said that the more he saw of people, the better he liked animals. I'm not that disillusioned. I like children best. Then I like my friends. Dogs are next, and my favorite among them is our St. Bernard rescue dog.

HOWARD G. MAKELIM

San Francisco
Auto dealer

I haven't known many persons I liked more than my bloodhounds. Other than my wife no person is as close to me. They are my pride and joy. They often locate lost children when parents ask my help. I recently received a medal for the lost children my dogs found.

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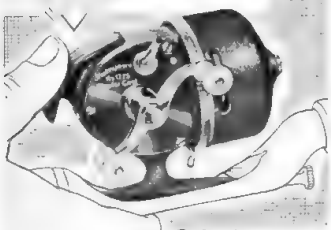

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Father and Son

"Coming into our home each week, SI has given my son and me in subtle ways a 'oneness' that might not have been so easily possible in the relationship between a busy and not always patient father, and a rambunctious 16-year-old. Thanks for that!"

Donald Clemmer
Washington, D.C.

19th HOLE — THE READERS TAKE OVER

PORTAGO: SHARED RISK

Sirs:

Racing Is a Vice by the late Alfonso de Portago (SI, May 13) verily predicted the death of this handsome and daring sportsman. Though "off the road" many times himself, his accident was caused by that 5% chance for mechanical failure, and was directly responsible for the lives of his co-driver and 11 bystanders.

It is to be hoped that our own famed Indianapolis "500" will be run safely this Memorial Day, without the loss of any spectators' lives at least, although the drivers who enter it do so at their own risk.

Racing of any kind has been and always will remain a dangerous but thrilling spectacle to see, whether it be on land, sea or air. But until proper safeguards for the defenseless public who come to see them are more rigidly enforced perhaps we can better do without them. We have enough highway killings every weekend now, due in large part to this "vice" called speed!

FRED LA CHAPELLE

Waltham, Mass.

● For a discussion of the challenges and responsibilities of auto racing, see *Speed and Indianapolis*, page 14.—ED.

PORTAGO: PERSONAL SHOCK

Sirs:

After reading *Racing Is a Vice*, by Alfonso de Portago, I felt all the shock of losing a personal friend when the news of his death came.

KELSEY EDWARDS

Dallas

TV BASEBALL: TIGHT RACE IN DETROIT

Sirs:

The wonderful H. Allen Smith article on TV announcers (SI, May 13) certainly homered in Tiger land. It seems to me our TV cameramen never have the camera on what the Tiger announcers are describing.

Our two announcers are president and vice-president of the "Never Give the Score" club. It seems they have a contest going on to see who can go the longest without giving the score. Van Patrick, I believe, now holds the record at 14 minutes 16 seconds, but the other broadcaster, Mel Ott, is gallantly trying to better Patrick's record.

Also, could SPORTS ILLUSTRATED let its readers know who are the officers of "Laugh at Our Own Jokes" club? We have an excellent candidate if there is a vacancy in the club.

FRED WILSON

Detroit

● Nominations are open.—ED.

TV BASEBALL: ST. LOUIS BLUES

Sirs:

H. Allen Smith's *Baseball on TV Is Swell—I Think* was a perfect description of our local boy. Surely no other team is "blessed" with such talent. . . . Holy cow!

BOB and HELEN WEISSFLUG

St. Louis

TV BASEBALL: HOPE

Sirs:

Kindly send reprints of the article to all sportscasters and TV directors. It may not help much, but we can always hope.

UNO KRUSE

East Orange, N.J.

SPITBALL: PERSPIRATION, ASPIRATION

Sirs:

It's too bad that so many pitchers are lacking the spunk that Lew Burdette has. Actually, the "spitter" has as much right, if not more, to be used as the knuckler. Certainly it can be used with more control and more efficiency than the knuckleball.

In *Lew Burdette to the Mouth* (SI, April 29) we are in agreement (if I read between the lines correctly) that the spitball should be reinstated and thereby give the chuckers a bit more of a repertoire to choose from.

Who knows—some aspiring, perspiring drooler might even win 30 games in a single season. Here's hoping that the spitball will be brought back to life—legally, that is. Then the pitchers will be on a more even basis with the hitters.

CHARLES F. KILLEBREW

Galveston, Texas

POOL BOOM: GOOD FORM

Sirs:

As one who has a professional interest in sports, I have been impressed with the completeness with which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED handles its reporting. I read your analysis of home swimming pools (SI, April 29) with special interest.

On the whole, your report is excellent, but part of your description of my pools might be misconstrued. To say that Esther Williams Swimming Pools are "little more than well-engineered holes in the ground" is far from correct unless you meant that they *are* well engineered but not lavish or expensive.

ESTHER WILLIAMS

White Plains, N.Y.

● Like their lissome namesake, Esther Williams Pools *are* very well engineered.—ED.

FRISBEE: OHIO VERSION

Sirs:

We at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, are familiar with the game of Frisbee, (E&D, May 13) but in a more rugged form.

Our participants are constantly increasing and many of these are football players (our motto is: "For those too rough for football") who seem to take to the game like ducks to water.

We beg to differ with your comment: ". . . after 10 minutes' practice, anyone is an expert." Many of us have been playing at the sport since it first became possible, in middle February, and few of us have yet mastered the "quick drop," the "side wobbler" or the "boomerang drop."

We also have variations of Frisbee. These include Night Frisbee, Wandering Frisbee

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

and team, individual or competitive accuracy bouts. A novel version is our proposed use of a blunt-toothed circular saw, and optional equipment will be a pair of heavy winter mittens.

If the fellows at Princeton would care to match throws, we of Symmes Hall hereby cordially extend an open invitation to all challengers.

MIKE BLATE, TOAD FREIBERG, MILT ALTZNAUR, JIM WHITE, BUTCH HENRY, DAVE FISHER, JIM HOKUM, JOHN HUFF, PAUL RIPPNER, DICK PUZZITIELLO
Oxford, Ohio

FRISBEE: HISTORIAN'S REPORT

Sirs:

I read with considerable interest your brief remarks on Frisbee. After discussing the matter with members of the Graduate College Lawn Frisbee Association, I decided that you might be interested in some of the historical background of the game, which I have uncovered in my researches as historian of the association.

Our association's Arbiter of Rules informs me that it originated at the Theta Delta Chi chapter at Dartmouth. While it flourished in New England colleges, it was played with much more elaborate rules and terminology. The disc was called a "prattle," and the official, legal catch, which is one-handed, was referred to as a "snaffle."

At Princeton it has become, among the undergraduates, a rather aimless and admittedly childish pastime, instead of the skilled competitive sport, adapted from the original principles of the game, played by the Graduate College Lawn Frisbee Association. It is incorrect to say that anyone can learn to play in 10 minutes, for the complexity of throwing methods, and the strategic alertness of the accomplished Frisbeeist can be acquired only after long practice and experience, and novices are quite out of place in a serious match.

But let me say again, on behalf of the entire GCLFA, that despite minor inaccuracies and omissions your statements were in general just, and that you have done a great service in furthering the advancement of Frisbee on a national level.

Frisbee, sir, is not a game; it is a way of life.

ROBERT S. HALLER, GCLFA
Princeton, N.J.

FRISBEE: PHRISBEE

Sirs:

Phrisbee has been played on the Amherst campus ever since that fall day in 1949 when a sophomore slipped on the steps of Johnson Chapel and lost control of his tray of a local brew. Several classmates walking nearby were stunned to see that the tray dipped and glided through the air. Determined to investigate this phenomenon, they enlisted the aid of the late physics professor Aaron Phrisbee, who personally supervised experiments on the quad.

Amherst men taught Phrisbee to girls at Smith College, where it enjoyed immediate success. The game was introduced to Princeton by a wandering Smithie and apparently has caught on there.

We hope that this clears up the question of the origin of Phrisbee to the satisfaction of all enthusiasts.

KEN ROSENTHAL, GEORGE GILLETT, RICH NICHOLLS, PETE SCHMITT, TIM WOODBRIDGE
Amherst, Mass.

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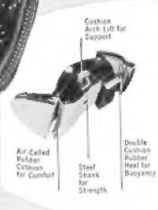

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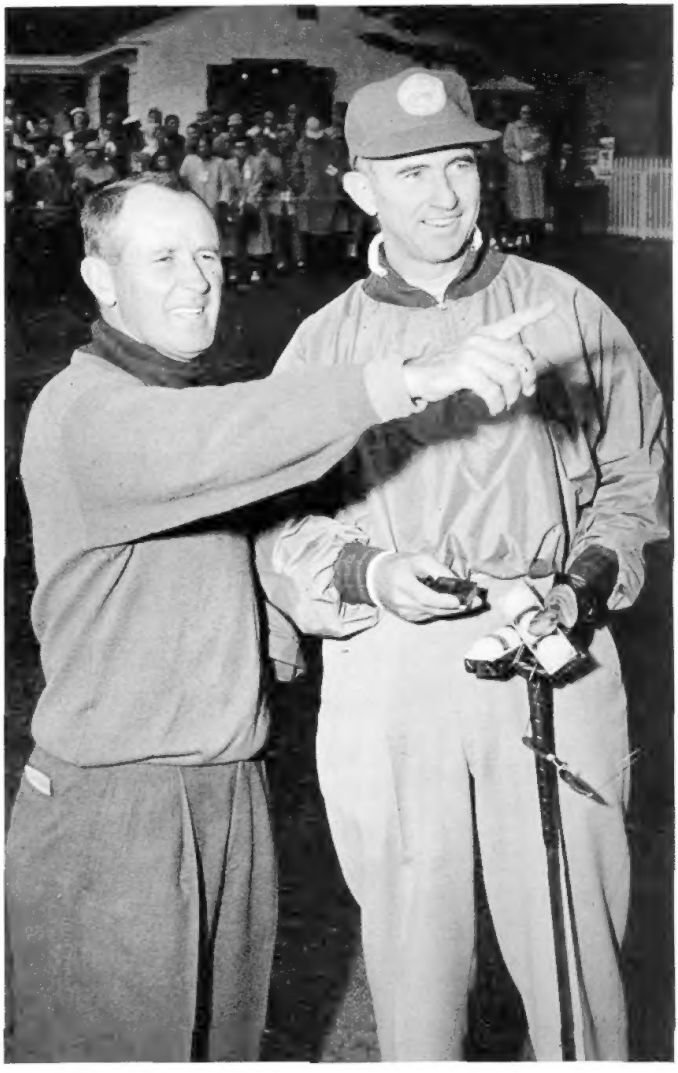

FRANK PACE JR.

Some of the sharpest shooters in the ancient and honorable game of golf are the top executives of blue chip corporations who appreciate the *game's opportunities for active relaxation and easy camaraderie. One of* the best is Frank Pace, shown above (*right*), with old pro Paul Runyan at this year's Bing Crosby Invitational, the new president of General Dynamics Corporation, a billion-dollar complex producing electronic devices that range from the atomic submarine to intercom systems. Pace, a 44-year-old Arkansan, has played in the National Amateur, won the '37 Arkansas Invitational and today still plays in the 70s. While in Washington as President Truman's Director of the Budget and Secretary of the Army, Pace was tennis champion of the Congressional Country Club and an executive member of the National Squash Racquets Association.

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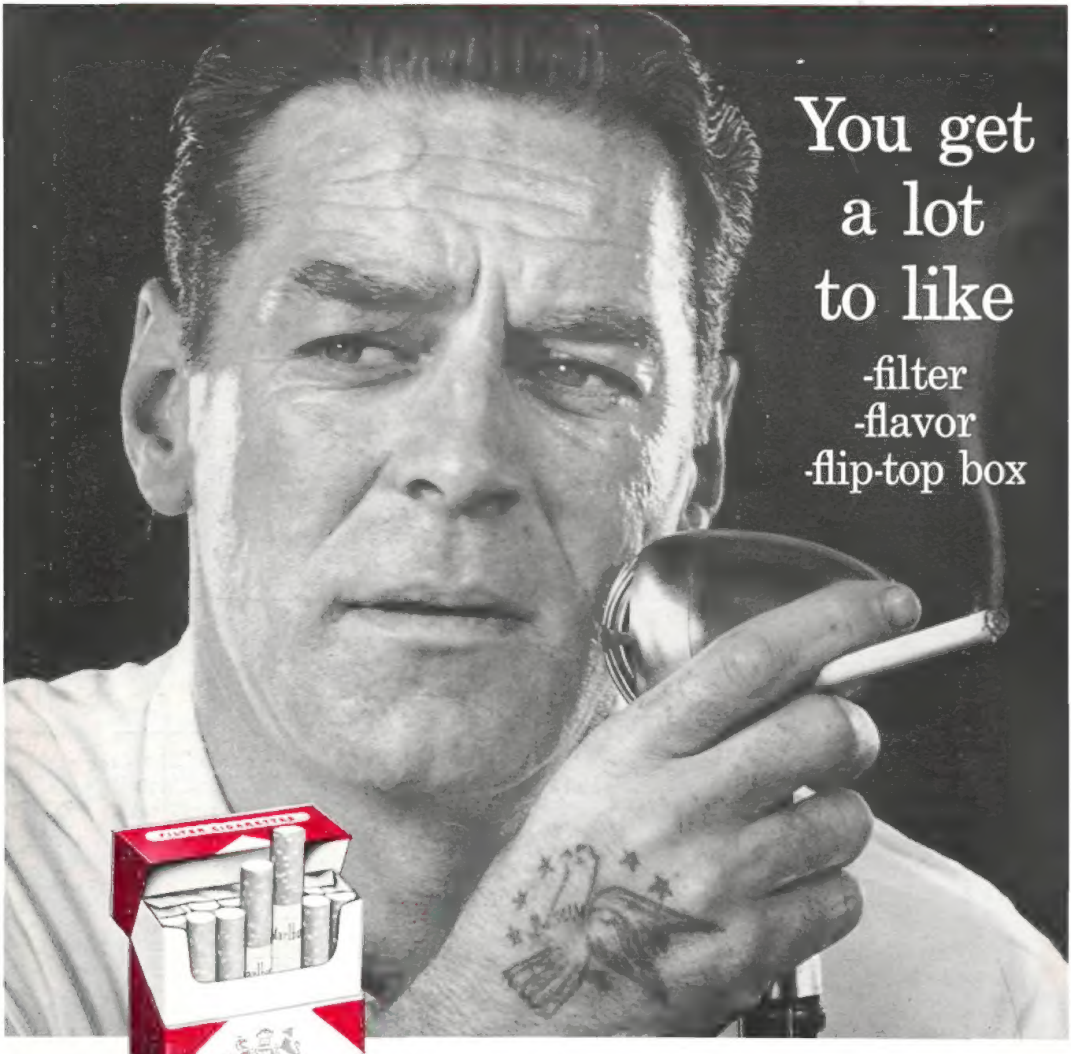

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